



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 22 - Number 8

September 1, 2004

Special Features This Issue
"No Octane Regatta" - "Duckworks Messabout"
"Canal Boat Harmonica" - "Steamboat Diana"



messing about in BOATS

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



We recently received a news clipping from a reader about the circumstances surrounding one man's 17-year project, building a 50' schooner in his back yard on the Massachusetts South Shore. Along with the usual lack of comprehension that local newspaper reporters typically display for such peculiarities of this messing about in boats game was the news that now that it was finished, he was going to give it away.

It appears that as he approached completion of his craft the builder began to look into obtaining some insurance for his creation and found that nobody would sell him coverage as he had no prior sailing experience. And since the schooner was not only home built but was also apparently home designed, his chances of selling it were negligible. As usual, the speculation was that it might not even float when launched.

Despite the costs involved in getting the boat from the backyard building site to the local harbor several miles away, a taker appeared, someone with sailing experience who would be able to sail the boat and presumably obtain insurance. The news article showed the boat afloat at its launching and the only thing I noted as perhaps a bit questionable was that it floated rather high. Perhaps it would need more (some?) ballast.

In the July 15th issue I discussed why I felt it was okay for those amongst us so inclined to "design" our own small craft, as we would have to live with the consequences ourselves, and as most such efforts would be small enough to not carry the designer/builder into dangerous conditions should there be some major conceptual flaw in the design. But a home designed and built 50' schooner, the creation of man who had no sailing experience, surely is pushing the envelope. In such a case as this, the new owner of the giveaway boat will experience the results and perhaps they will be okay. By taking it off the builder's hands and launching it and planning to sail it to his home port, the buyer exhibited little apparent concern about the vessel's seaworthiness, nor about insuring it.

When I owned a 23' wooden cutter for a couple of years in the late '70s, and after I had done all the restoration work (which it became evident later was what I really wanted to do), I found that I could not get any insurance for it to protect my investment. My homeowner's insurance would extend my liability coverage to it. So while I had it afloat I had to be prepared to eat the \$3,500 or so I had invested in it (not to mention the sweat equity) should it sink. It didn't sink and I sold it within a couple of years.

A recent conversation with one of the volunteers involved in the *Lizzie G* sharpie story on Page 18 in this issue (which took place after the article was set) revealed that the owner of this wooden boat and three others, Historic Spanish Point Museum, had been denied insurance coverage and the fleet could no longer be sailed. This affected not only taking out the public for sails but also the volunteers who had put in many hours restoring the boats and subsequently enjoying sailing them. No more of that. This has raised the prospects of volunteers disappearing with no reward for their labors.

My informant inquired into this at one of the firms that specializes in insuring wooden boats and was informed that Florida has apparently established a moratorium on insuring wooden boats, seemingly when it applies to situations where something might go wrong (taking the public out sailing) and the owners had demonstrably deep pockets for the lawyers to go after. His own personal wooden boat was not affected as it was covered by his homeowner's policy.

I've always had mixed emotions about insurance and opted mostly to go "bare," as they say, without it. Our inquiry into insuring that early wooden sailboat was made assuming such coverage would be available on moderate terms. When it wasn't, so be it, we went without.

We're accustomed to going without insurance. When I became self-employed in 1959, the cost of medical insurance was so prohibitive that we have gone without it since. I have never had any life insurance. We have had homeowner's insurance since we bought our home in 1955 as this was our major lifetime investment, not only of money, but also in personal possessions, and it has never been prohibitively expensive as there are so many homeowners and so few really costly disasters such as fires. Of course, our motor vehicles have always been insured, compulsorily so here in Massachusetts, but we no longer carried collision as soon as we no longer had to borrow the money to buy them (since about 1975) as they have never been worth that much (currently a 1986 pickup and 1994 station wagon paid for cash).

I am sure pleased to not find ourselves in the grips of the insurance industry, which naturally wishes to minimize its exposure to claims and pursues this policy assiduously by preferring customers who will never make any claims and refusing, or pricing out, those who might.

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On the Cover...

It was a windy weekend for the No Octane Regatta in New York's Adirondacks in June, but the wind did not keep all of the small craft sailors landbound. On our cover Scott LaVertue is relishing the big winds in his period sailing canoe. More photos and story are featured in this issue.

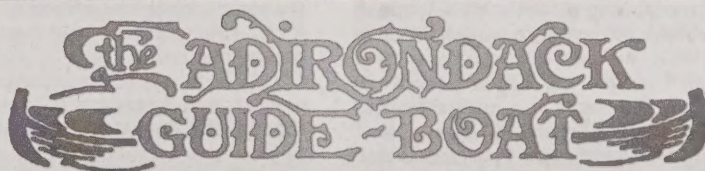
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June 19-20 Clearwater Festival, Croton-on-Hudson
June 26-7 Vermont Outdoor's Woman, Stowe VT
July 16-8 Adirondack Living, Lake Placid, NY
July 17-8 Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, VT
July 30-1 Aug Champlain Valley Folk Festival
July 30-1 Aug Finger Lakes Antique Boat Show NY
July 30-Aug 1 Shelburne Museum, Shelburne, VT
Aug 6-8 Antique & Classic Boatshow Clayton NY
Aug 6-8 Hildene Arts Fest, Manchester, VT
Aug 13-15 Maine Boats & Harbors, Rockland ME
Aug 20-22 Lake Placid Art Fest, Lake Placid NY
Sep 10-12 Port Townsend Wooden Boat Fest WA
Sep 23-6 Norwalk Boat Show, Norwalk, CT
Sep 24-6 Eastern States Expo, Springfield MA
Oct 1-3 Hildene Arts Fest, Manchester, VT
Oct 8-10 Stowe Arts Festival, Stowe, VT
Nov 4-7 Philadelphia Museum of Art Craftshow
Nov 5-7 Fine Furnishings Show, Providence, RI
Nov 13-4 Adirondack Living, Purchase NY
(Just to be safe, call or e-mail to confirm show dates.)



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"Once you get into one of these boats you won't want to get out." Vogue

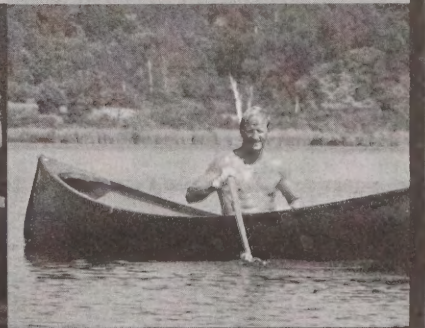
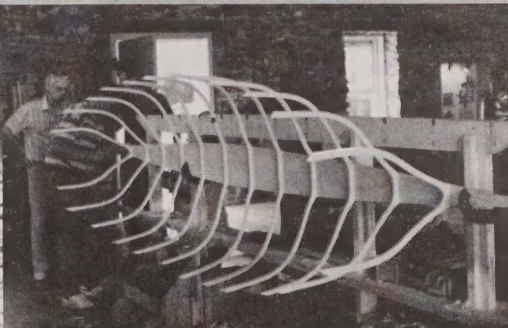
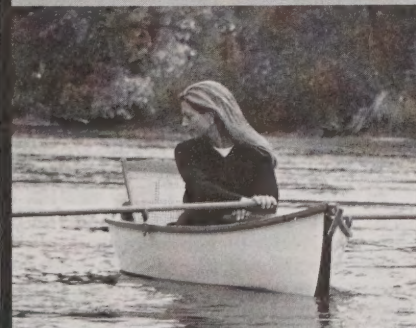
"Truly, these are boats you can hug." Popular Mechanics

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Happiest Day

I have heard it said many times that the two happiest days in a boater's life are when he buys his boat and later when he sells it. Another old saw is that a fiberglass boat has no soul, no character, those qualities are reserved only for those boats built of wood. Personally, I can attest to two of these three considerations.

My *Gottabe* is now sailing under a new skipper, David Peterson, now from Chicago, soon to be from Pentwater, Michigan. Dave's father, who winters in Florida, is a subscriber to *MAIB* and gave some back issues to Dave who saw the ad for my Sea Pearl 21. Dave and his wife made arrangements to drop by and inspect the boat and it was clear that the *Gottabe* soon would be on the water again, but with a different hand on the tiller.

For he who says one of the happiest days in the life of a boater is when he sells his boat, he did not own a Sea Pearl. For he who says a fiberglass boat has no soul, he has yet to sail a Sea Pearl. Good luck, Dave. I know the *Gottabe* is in good hands and I know she will serve you well.

Richard J. Dix, Hesperia, MI

How Lucky We Were

The recent long piece on Mr. Cloutman made me think of the house we inhabited in the late 1960s and early 1970s, directly over Cloutman's yard on Cliff Street in Marblehead. At a young age, my brother had an uncanny ability to mimic all the noises of the power tools heard in the boatyard. Older, we could, and did, leap onto the top of the boatshed (despite repeated warnings about life, limb, and retribution) from our yard. We wandered at will in the yard, inspecting masts, hulls, and coverings during the winter. We could also engage boatyard inhabitants in conversation from our sandbox and backyard, making several friends along the way and providing ourselves opportunities for making a quarter helping paint boat bottoms and mooring buoys. We loved the big crane and watched with enthusiasm whenever a boat was coming out of or going into the water. The crane contrasted with the marine railroad at Parker's yard, where boats were slid into the water on rails, in their cradles.

Several of our own boats even had short tenures at Cloutman's. We tended to leave boats in the harbor over the winter and haul briefly in the spring for scraping and painting before the summer season. More usually, we careened the boats on the beach between Parker's yard and the Electric Company, scraping and painting the bottom over the fall and rise of a single tide. Our plans for one summer were put on hold when the boat we intended to inhabit and sail turned out to have a rotten stem and several bow planks as well. Having rented out the house in anticipation of living aboard, we instead commuted from North Andover to Marblehead daily to work on her.

It honestly didn't occur to me how lucky we were until I look at my kids growing up now. It takes a curious combination of ingenuity and laissez faire to give them some fine adventures that they get to control.

Lee Thomson, Northampton, MA

Information of Interest...

About the Flying Junior

Perhaps it is in the "Who Cares?" department, but recent correspondence about the Flying Junior prompts me to send on the following from the Flying Junior website:

"Uus van Essen of Holland designed the International Flying Junior in 1958. The designer was already known for his Flying Dutchman one design. Listed as co-designer was Conrad Gulcher, Dutch Olympic sailor. It is estimated that over 10,000 Flying Juniors have been built.

"The original Flying Junior first appeared in 1955 and was built of cold molded wood. The hull shape has not changed over the years but the mast is now shorter than in the original version, even though the jib and main remain the same. The original Junior also had no trapeze.

"The Junior is a capable boat sailed by persons of all ages even though the boat was originally meant for "junior racers" (hence the name). With the addition of a trapeze and larger spinnaker, the boat continues to be a real competitor.

"The boat is both maneuverable and safe even though things can happen quickly in a regatta, the double hull and open transom make it safe for inland and open waters.

"The class enjoys a popularity in clubs in the Netherlands, Belgium, Germany, Italy, and Japan, along with the U.S.

"The original builder was Jachtwerf van Dusseldorf at Loosdrecht, Holland. About 1960, Advance Sailboat Corporation of Parkville, Missouri, began to build FJ's out of fiberglass. This was the first U.S. builder. Advance later moved to Independence, Missouri, where the boats were built in limestone caves which provided perfect temperature and humidity control for using the then new fiberglass material. About 1980 the business was sold, when it operated for a short time as Dolphin Sailboats, before closing. The molds are now owned by Jeff Moses (Moses Ark Sailboats).

"However, the design has enjoyed such popularity that it was built by many fine boat builders including Paceship (Canada), Galletti (Italy), Tiptree (Great Britain), Doesburg (Germany), Botterill (Australia), Advance Sailboat Corporation (U.S.), Dynamic Plastics (now H&H Sailcraft) (U.S.), Southern Ohio Sailcraft (U.S.), Sailnetics (U.S.), and Cabellero (U.S.). The only current builder is H&H Sailcraft."

Two versions are out there, the "Club" version is a heavier, stronger boat for inter-scholastic and intercollegiate racing, the "International" version is lighter and faster. In intercollegiate racing boats are rotated so

everybody sails each boat. That gets the boats out of the equation. Eight boats would mean eight races with crews changing between each race. You won't find this in the America's Cup.

Sam Chapin, Key West, FL

Vessel Safety Checks

In the course of a given year I will, as a Coast Guard Auxiliary Vessel Examiner, do some 400+ vessel safety checks.

By far the greatest number of boats that I cannot approve are because of faulty (illegal) vessel numbering. There seem to be two main problems. Problem #1 is in spacing. Numbers must be NC 1234 AB. Far too many are NC1234AB. The spacing is truly important if a vessel number is to be read from any distance. Problem #2 is the numbers are not, as the law requires, in a color contrasting to the color of the hull. Black numbers on dark khaki hulls simply cannot be read from even a small distance.

Unless you have been asked by the Coast Guard to seek for a specific vessel, the significance of proper (legal) numbering may well not have occurred, but next time you are out, glance at boats you pass and the problems become obvious. Unfortunately, so owners tell me, the incorrect numbering was applied by dealers selling the boats, often, I suspect, telling the young lad they have hired for the summer to "go put the numbers on."

The second difficulty I experience is vessels that do have all appropriate equipment and qualify for a safety check decal BUT the equipment is just not available. Fire extinguishers are buried beneath all sorts of other gear and the time taken to bring them out would permit a major vessel fire. Also, PFDs are aboard, but again buried. The throwable seat cushion, which, if needed would be needed instantly, cannot be dug out of a locker for far too long a time. Since all the gear is on board and the owner has met all requirements, all I can do is talk to him and urge him to rearrange his safety equipment.

I point out that aboard my 18' center console operational facility I must have two extinguishers and one is permanently mounted on each side of the console within reach of the coxswain. I am required to have a throw ring and line, not just a throwable seat cushion, and it, too, is mounted within easy reach of the coxswain.

In my many years of boating, both as an Auxiliary and as a private citizen, I have never needed my fire extinguisher, my throw ring, nor my extra PFDs (we are required to wear one at all times), but "Semper Paratus Always Prepared." Far better to be equipped to help a fellow boater in trouble than to have him drown because of our poor storage and preparation.

Boating is a magnificent way of life. It does, however, have some dangers. Each one of us out on the waters; lakes, canals, oceans, or wherever, can and should be ready to help when we are needed. It takes such little expense and effort to be ready to do so, the reward might be magnificent.

Call your local Auxiliary and ask for a free vessel safety check so when you leave the dock you will know you have the gear needed available and accessible to help yourself and others in a time of trouble.

Tom Shaw, USCG AUX, Wilmington, NC

Opinions...

A Free Man and a Great Bunch of People

I always read Robb White's articles with a smile on my face, but I was really laughing out loud with "Hook and Line Fishing." That image of a big bomb tank of a truck roaring next to the poor yuppie in the "Escalation" is too funny. And the pogie in the lap, I'm laughing right now.

It seems like Robb is appealing to just about everybody and I've been trying to figure out why, aside from the easy, conversational style of his story telling. What keeps coming to mind is something I once read about the first peoples here on Turtle Island. I think it was Ward Churchill who said the white men called the Indians "wild," but in fact they were "free."

Most white people had never known freedom before they came here and met the indigenous people. Trace western civilization right back to the Bible and there were always kings and priests to oppress the poor white men.

When they came to the New World they got the idea for the first time that people could be free. Charles Thomson, the Constitutional Secretary, wrote the appendix to Jefferson's Notes on the State of Virginia, which became the blueprint for the Constitution. It turns out that this European man had learned the Lenape language and was, in fact, an honorary Lenape. "We the people" is actually an Algonquin expression.

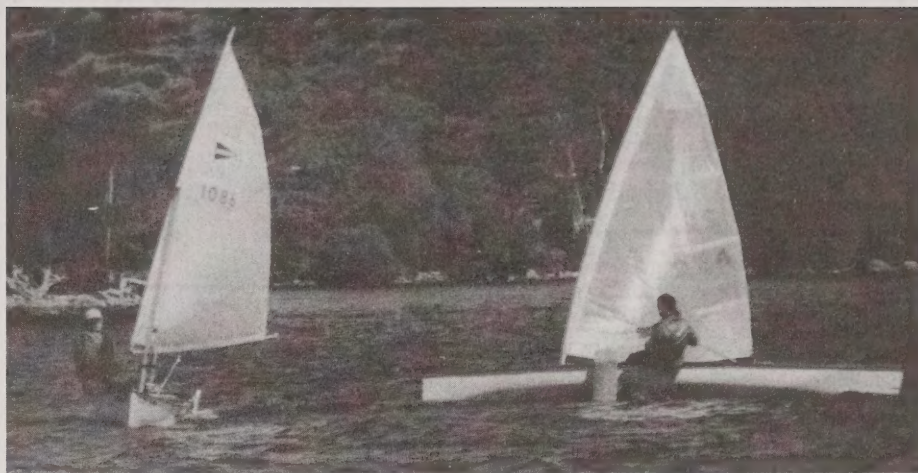
The Founding Fathers tapped all that energy to get help freeing their finances from the George of their day and then immediately began reining it in. The Bill of Rights has been a thorn in their side ever since. Who'd a thunk another George would be trying to take it all away 250 years later? Everybody is so fixated on what's on the computer screen, and who's calling on the cell phone, and which new thing to buy that they ain't paying attention (to borrow from Robb's lexicon).

Anyhow, what I'm getting at is that it's tempting to think of Robb as a wild man, with his loud truck, fishing, clamming, and hunting all the time, but actually he is just a free man. And I don't mean a free thinker, I mean free. It's a rare thing nowadays. It's infectious. You can't help but love and admire the guy. It's a spirit that dovetails with *Messing About in Boats* and its eclectic mix of readers.

All in all, I have to say that the best thing about messabouts and *Messing About in Boats* is the people. What a great bunch of folks! I'm lucky to know you all.

Tom Pappell, Dix Hills, NY

In Memoriam...



Jim and his son Ted going at it in the fall of 1989 at the National Championship in Bridgeton, Maine (cover photo from *MAIB*, November 1, 1989).

Jim Bowman

Jim Bowman has now joined the sailing company of Joe Klecka, Steve Lysak, and other former champion canoe sailors after 45 years of canoe sailing. Jim won the National Championships for C Class (5 meter) in 1986, '88, '89, '90, '91, '92, '94, and the ACA Class in 1986, '91, '94, and 2002.

Some may know him as the centerfold of the website for the ACA National Sailing Committee. He was the New England Division Leader for a long time. Jim taught canoe sailing at the annual Maine Canoe Symposium using his beautifully restored Old Town Yankee. Jim was a Sugar Islander, iceboat sailor, and boatbuilder. He started in New Jersey near Spruce Run and later taught entomology at the University of New Hampshire. He is survived by Sue, Ted, Kristin, and Kathy as well as two brothers and a sister.

Generously, Jim's family has asked that contributions in Jim's memory go to Sugar Island, the ACA Camp. Donations should be sent to Jim Bowman Fund for Sugar Island, Kathy Schmiesing, American Canoe Assn., 7432 Alban Station Blvd., Suite B232, Springfield, VA 22150.

Gone

As now, our small group of canoe sailors,
Is sorely reduced, now by another one!
Jim Bowman, a stalwart and many times
champion,
And endless promoter of our sport the year
round.
As wherever there's a canoe gathering,
Jim was there to be found.
Exhorting, teaching and taking on the water,
he'd go,
As many countless, young sailors he'd show,
And for sure, we'll never know.
As his memory will last more than my life-
time,
And when sailing his presence will always
be around,
To keep me and others without rudders,
Seaward leeboard hard down,
Wherever our canoe sailors go around.

Very Sorrowfully by Duncan Mooney

(Reprinted from *Canoe Sailor*)



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The One Pan Galley Gourmet

By Don Jacobson and John Roberts
International Marine, 2004
184 pgs • 6 x 9 spiral bound • \$15.95

Review by Dee Carstarphen

Another handy galley guide for boaters! After Janet Groene's venerable *Cooking on the Go*, Corinne Kanter's *Kiss* (keep it simple, stupid) *Cookbook*, Loma Sass' *Cooking Under Pressure*, David Hoar and Noreen Rudd's *Cooks Afloat: Gourmet Cooking on the Move*, and countless others, what more can be written?

Well, the recent publication of *The One Pan Galley Gourmet* proves food is a subject of never-ending interest. Taste buds continue to be titillated by the thought of a special meal, especially when stirred up by some exciting adventure afloat.

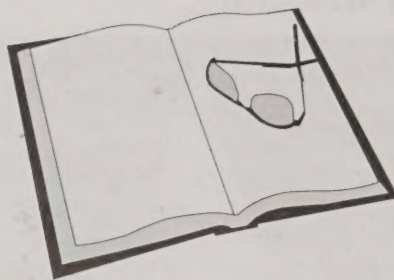
This galley guide evolved from *The One Pan Gourmet*, written by and for backpackers, so some of the techniques and recipes are truly minimalist and even suitable for camping cruisers. But the co-author of this water-oriented expansion of the original has been a liveaboard sailor with ocean and coastal cruising under his belt and much of the content is now aimed at cooks aboard what the authors call "small boats," from 18' to 40'! In addition to recipes that call for more elaborate techniques and ingredients (frozen meats, such exotics as fresh mushrooms, snow peas, and watercress), we have a choice of "pans," fry pans, pots, or ovens. Pressure cookers are a subclass of pots.

It is here, in this proliferation of "pots," that it gets interesting. After some introductory advice about galleys, menu planning, etc., the bulk of the book is divided into recipes—"by the pan." If you are equipped with only a fry pan, for instance, you can ignore the other two-thirds of the recipes. If you have a fry pan, a pot, including a pressure cooker, and a stove top or galley range oven, you get to use all the recipes. Within these categories by cooking equipment, recipes are arranged by breakfast, lunch, dinner, and desserts.

Many, many of the recipes are built around chicken, boneless breasts, for instance. I counted over a dozen just in the fry pan section. Since fresh chicken and beef dominate the main meal menus, we offer a couple of sample dishes to illustrate:

Protein Buster Goulash

Nonstick cooking spray
1/2 lb. sirloin steak, cut in 1/2" cubes
2 medium onions, chopped
2 stalks celery, sliced
2 packages dry tomato soup mix
(single serving size)
1-1/2 cups water



Book Reviews

Salt, pepper, and paprika to taste
1 15-oz. can red kidney beans, drained
Flour

Spray pan and heat over medium to high flame. Add meat and brown until done. Add onions, celery, soup mix, and water. Simmer for 30 minutes. Add beans and seasonings. Thicken sauce with flour as needed. With all the beef and beans, you won't run short on protein. Serve this recipe with bread and you'll have a meal you can really wrap yourself around.

Sticky Chicken

1/2-lb. boneless chicken breast
(or softpack), cut in 1" cubes
1/4 cup peanut butter
1 tablespoon honey
2 tablespoons soy sauce
1/8 teaspoon garlic powder
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1/4 teaspoon cayenne pepper
2 medium onions, chopped
1 cup water
1 tablespoon ketchup
Salt and pepper to taste

Combine all ingredients in pan and cook over medium flame until chicken is cooked.

The suggestions in this book might make a big difference to sailors who have not gotten beyond opening a can of Dinty Moore's stew or Vienna sausage for dinner, but would like to. Even muskrats have more fun with a picnic basket full of elegant goodies.

Vikings: The North Atlantic Saga

By Fitzhugh & Ward
Smithsonian Institution Press
ISBN 1-56098-995-5
432 pages • paperback • \$35

Review by Mark White

Published by the Smithsonian (Washington and London) as an adjunct to the Arctic Studies Viking Exhibition of the same name in 2000, this paperback tome is filled with beautifully executed color photos of the northern lands that the Vikings explored and inhabited, starting around 750AD and, of course, including North America. With all due respect to Christopher Columbus, the Italians were at least 600 years too late. There are

several colorful photos of wooden vessels, but not enough as far as I'm concerned. The book is extensively documented, lavishly illustrated, and a very good read. It will take at least a week's worth of evenings to get through. Highly recommended.

Call Of The Ancient Mariner Guide to a Long Sailing Life

By Reese Pauley
International Marine/McGraw Hill, 2004
ISBN 0-07-138881-8
Hardcover • 258 pages • \$19.95
Review by Sam Chapin

Reese Pauley is an 83-year-old retired art dealer from the New York area who took up sailing across ocean some 30 years ago. He still yearns to be at sea and wants all the old guys to come out, too. This is a collection of lectures, talks, harangues, and stories to make you think you can do it, too. Some of them have appeared in *Cruising World*, *Sail Magazine*, and *Good Old Boat*.

He included letters from old sailors David Clark, Humphrey Barton, Mary Barton, Ted Brewer, Fred Schwall, Mary Creamer, Ed Kane, Bill Pinkney, Elizabeth Pearce, Don Weiner, and Don Cohan. If you don't know any of these people, don't worry, Reese will tell you about them.

Reese is never short of advice and will tell you how to pick a boat, crew, equipment, clothes or no clothes, shoes, food (and recipes), engines, dinghies, kayaks, sailing, navigation, sex, and exercise. Now you might say that is all the stuff in the usual sailing manual. No, this is Reese's advice and opinions. I'll bet you the price of the book that you will think a lot of it is a new look at some of the problems. Usually the advice has a special twist for the "ancient mariner." You won't agree with all of it, but you will know why Reese says it.

Would you like to know how an 80-year-old plans to defend against pirates in the Philippines? Want some advice about how to pick up girls? His young companion and wife Marilyn has two sections on how to get along with Reese.

Reese and Marilyn have a home on a small canal a few miles up the Keys from where I live near Key West. I see them occasionally and they are both wonderfully charming and interested in all that is going on around them. Reese is unusually animated for 83 years old. Recently he gave a lecture where he spoke for an hour without notes, slides, or other crutches that most of us cling to. He will tell you that is because he has sailed around the world and that the rolling of the open sea has freed his soul. We know each other but are at different ends of a wide spectrum. Reese and Marilyn sail big boats for long distances occasionally and I sail little boats short distances frequently. They like to be at anchor or at sea and I like to be home in bed where I know the anchor is not dragging.

It is a "good read," a lot of fun if you know all about this stuff and good advice if you are just thinking about starting a sailing life.

Greens Point Boatyard

Winter Storage Reasonable Rates
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Tel: 978-356-7416 Fax: 978-356-7424

The Captain and I finally got *Marshmelon's* keel wet in mid-June. The spars didn't receive their spring varnish until the last moment. Perhaps it was all for the best as she shone like a new boat wherever there was wood exposed. Others in the Melonseed flock have been out on South Shore water for a month whenever there was a small break in the moody spring weather, and their gear boasted the badges of use. These go-anywhere craft accumulate as we sneak up back channels and sail through narrow overgrown estuaries.

Roger Crawford, the intrepid leader of the annual Summer Solstice Regatta for his handcrafted boats, made the decision due to the wind and weather predictions that Barnstable Harbor would be too lumpy for some of our new sailors, and as the point of the regatta is to have fun he rerouted the activities to a hidden treasure called Ockway Bay.

I grew up with relatives scattered across the Cape and have wonderful memories of sailing and messing about in the Bass River area as a pre-teen. As I got older the quiet backwaters were replaced by the more active open ocean and beaches. Driving ahead of our convoy of 14 boats to be in place to help with the launching at a narrow ramp, I was taken back to the late 1950s and my fantasies of being an Indian princess, wandering for hours in the scrubby undergrowth to discover a secret pond or inland sea.

The roadside flora is not all that large today, and I wonder if it was half the size 40 plus years ago or if the elements have created a permanent bonsai garden along the back roads. The sandy soils don't hold nutrients and the leafy compost layer is thin, subject to the wind rushing over the low dunes and few hills. Only in the settled area where humans have some control over how much mulch and loam is available are the village trees of substantial size. The exception is the kettle holes and hidden bogs in low areas, here the leafy debris has been protected from scouring winds and the taller growth has acted like a catcher's mitt to grasp airborne materials from the higher elevations to build up a rich humus that feeds the sturdy oaks and larger pines.

Ockway Bay appears to be a kettle hole situated at the edge of the landmass. It has what my great aunt Nina Wolfe used to call a "signal drum" effect. I used to call these sorts of hollows "echo holes." One year we visited a home Nina was building and she sent me around to the far side of the modest pond to wait for her to tell me what we were doing next. I arrived at the far shore and she then said in a normal speaking voice, "You may use the red canoe for an hour and then we'll go for lunch."

My response was a muttered, "What red canoe," to which she replied, "It's tied to the branch in the cove to your left." It was at that moment I realized that she'd heard my softly muttered question...and that I was hearing her not yell across the expanse of water. I gave a hoot and holler and heard the perfect echo return a second later, her responding bang with a workman's hammer shattered the still air. I played with the old canoe for a while and then returned when she called to me in a normal voice.

As the Captain and I moved out among the flotilla of small boats, the wind was non-



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

Echos of the Past

existent and we sculled with the rudder and used a lazy oar to make progress toward the outer harbor and barrier beach. We could hear the conversations among boats scattered a distance away as if they were next to us. The memories of "Aunt Nina's Echo Hole" came rushing back to me as the silence was shattered by the report of a pneumatic nail gun on the far shore and the rapid return of its echo from the shore nearest us. Nina had mentioned that her house, Whisper Ledge, was not going to hold too many secrets if anyone built on the far shore. Looking at the huge homes encircling the bay I could imagine the owners speaking on their cell phones from the deck thinking they had a modicum of privacy where, in fact, the whole neighborhood was now informed about the hot stock tip.

Lest I get off on a rant, suffice it to say that there were no small camps remaining along the shore. All have been razed to make way for the newer, bigger, better (?) homes of the 21st century. There were, however, several older boats tied to docks and floats, several Crosby Cats and a few older Chris Craft runabouts.

Our armada of reborn 19th century gunning skiffs ghosted along in a lifting fog, living echos of the past. We caught the gossamer breeze that was dispersing the mists and sailed past ancient oaks and willows, whose roots ran deeper than the saline ground water. We watched the timeless passing shoreline carved by the icy hand of the last glacier and enjoyed the interesting wildlife that flourishes in the margins between land and water. Many of the homes have been tastefully planned to nestle down into the landscape. These were a joy to admire, some of the newer ones are modeled after small resort hotels (maybe they are).

As we made our way out from the protected back harbor into the open fore harbor, the action of ocean wind and wave could be seen as a low grey smudge on a near horizon. The barrier beach is a small, very narrow spit of land that looks inconsequential when viewing the open ocean beyond it. I am used to the bulk of Plum Island hunkered down between our home and the open expanse of Ipswich Bay and the Bigelow Bight beyond,

this little sprinkling of sand resembles a children's toy construction to protect their sand castle from the incoming tide. It must be because it is protected by the coastal crenulations along the southern exposure to Buzzards Bay that it has withstood the stormy years well enough to have a good thatch of beach grasses along its spine.

We pulled up onto the beach and I became that long ago Indian Princess, leaving the Captain to secure the craft and set out lunch. I found the narrow path through the grasses to get to the far side of the dune. As different as night to day, the far side is scoured and rough with rounded stones at the surf line, while the harbor side is smooth sugary sand laid out in broad shallow swathes. The jetsam from some commercial craft was spread eagled on the higher ground, rusted tanks and chains held in a mess of non-biodegradable netting. Natural flotsam included enough slipper shells at the wrackline to make the child within think she'd discovered the elephants' burial grounds.

The Indian princess collected a sampling of shells that might make useful wampum once they were transformed into a pleasant watercolor, matted and framed to offer in a local gallery. Lunch packaging is always chosen with the transportation of delicate shells in mind. From long experience, the Captain won't allow me to go shelling until he's sure we'll have had lunch before needing the containers for shells.

The grey weather had remained lurking off the coast, the fog rose only so high and then was joined by a cold front from the north. Watching it gather we set off along the outer rim, passing by the narrow opening to the ocean. A rising tide was an assurance of safety. The outgoing tide has ejected many unwary boaters, like corks from a bottle, out into the rough open water beyond the safe haven offered by this secret harbor. The far side of the harbor is less densely populated and drew my thoughts back in time to a different Cape, one that will live in my mind, like the feeling of cool silty paths under my young bare feet winding through scrub growth to open up on secret ponds and coves.

The season is launched, next we need to get the dory careened, paint her bottom, and set her out to handle the afternoon and evening messing about. Those days when there's no wind to sail and it's too lovely not to be out on the water, the dory under power fits the bill nicely.

Having lit the solstice bonfire and offered prayers to the powers that be, we can only wait to see if the season will be one that we can be out from morning to night. If it turns out to be a dud, I'll sit at my Window on the Water and recall the Echos of the Past.

**"Every man shall give as he is able,
according to the blessings of the
Lord" (Deut 16:16)**

Needed: Boats and nautical gear

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An interesting carved bird's head on the bow of a beautiful wood-strip kayak trimaran with sailing rig.



A traditional Adirondack guideboat with carved carrying yoke.

One of the smallest boats at the regatta with its builder.



No Octane Regatta 2004

By Bob Davidson

Ever since my father taught me how to row a boat when I was 7 or 8 years old, I have been fascinated by small boats. Ever since I talked my parents into going family camping in upstate New York way back when I was 11 years old, I have been fascinated by the cool clear lakes set against the background of the lush, green-forested Adirondack Mountains. During this past Fathers' Day weekend, I once again had the opportunity to indulge both of these fascinations of mine when I attended the 14th Annual No Octane Regatta organized by the Adirondack Museum in Blue Mountain Lake, New York.

I attended the No Octane Regatta a couple of times before, but I had not been there for several years. It seems that all kinds of work, family, personal, or other obligations often get in the way of our play time. The older we get, it seems that years pass by too quickly before we realize we have been missing out on a lot of fun. This year I made a point to put the regatta on my calendar so I wouldn't miss it again.

A lot of different folks with different boats were there, all having fun. Adirondack guideboats were well represented, as to be expected, but a variety of other boats were there, too. The largest was a Bolger Birdwatcher that spent most of the day messing about on the water with its designer, Phil Bolger, and its owner, Mason Smith, aboard. The smallest were some toy sailboats that appeared to keep a number of small boys very well entertained.

Some boats are more seaworthy than others and sometimes a designer discovers a serious mistake on the day of launching. A couple of high school boys found that out when they launched a two-bicycle power boat that they designed and built. Right after launching they discovered that they didn't provide enough buoyancy aft. They found that if they sat on the seats to provide pedal power the boat sat right up on its hind end and would probably have flipped over backwards if they hadn't jumped off. Well, back to the drawing board! I'm sure the next boat they design (if they don't give up) will be much more seaworthy!

Onshore activities included a workshop where some participants got to make their own cherry canoe paddles with instruction and guidance by Caleb Davis. Others built 6-hour canoes. You could also watch a demonstration of how cane seats are made for canoes and guide boats. Quite a few youngsters got to build toy catamarans at another workshop and then sail them in the lake. Local high school students from the class of 2006 sold sandwiches, coffee, salads, chili, soup, and cookies. At the local fire house I bought coffee and a donut for the same price I normally have to pay just for coffee. It was the best bargain I have seen in a long time!

While we had nice sunshine and it was not too hot and not too cold, the wind kept blowing quite briskly through most of the day and whipped up whitecaps on the lake. This provided quite a challenge for most of the

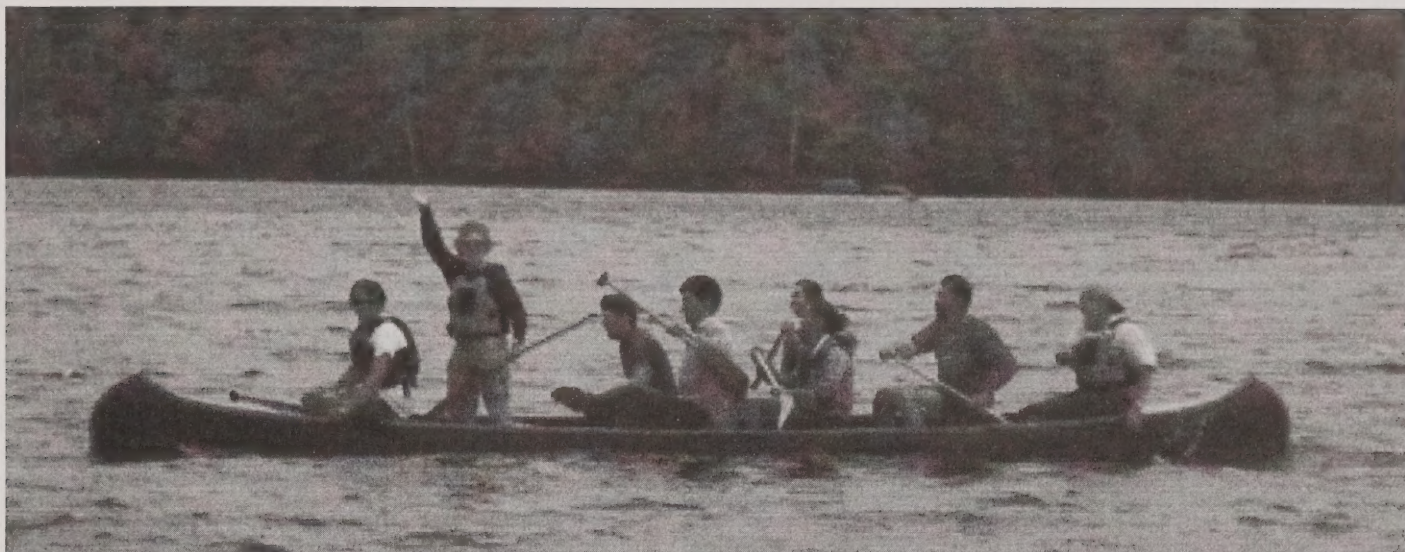
racers and other on-water events. While the wind caused some to back out, the diehards who participated, however, were undaunted. The guideboat racers demonstrated that it takes a lot more than a strong wind to hold them back. The windy conditions provided an opportunity to show what a remarkable boat the old Adirondack guideboat really is. It proved itself to be extremely seaworthy and a very fast craft, even in severe wind conditions with whitecaps.

I have had quite a bit of experience rowing boats in years past, but I had never rowed an Adirondack guideboat. Steve Kaulback was there with several guideboats that you could try out on the water. I took the opportunity to row one and I found it to be a very wonderful experience. I was most impressed by the way the boat handled the rough water and a stiff breeze. I was quite surprised by how easy it was to keep it on course, no matter what direction the wind was blowing. For the past 10 years or so I got away from rowing and have been using a Wee Lassie type double paddle canoe and a sea kayak because I wanted to see where I was going. After trying out one of Steve Kaulback's guideboats, however, I am seriously considering selling my kayak and buying a guideboat.

Among the many races there was one for non-guideboat rowing boats, and a St. Lawrence skiff took the honors here. Several races/events were quite fun to watch. In spite of the strong wind there were three entries in the hurry scurry race. Here the participants anchor their boats offshore and sprint about 50 yards to the shore, swim to their boats, and then row or paddle around a distant buoy and back. The winner rowed an Annapolis Wherry. The two other contestants were teenagers, each with a canoe. I predicted that the canoes would not even finish because I was convinced that the wind was too strong to make any headway in them. The two young paddlers proved to be very determined, however. Although the wind blew them down the lake toward a distant shore, they scrambled out, sometimes in the water up to their chests dragging their canoes behind them, sometimes back in the boat paddling from the bow, pulling the boat with their paddles instead of pushing it. After a long time and tremendous effort, both finally finished the race!

There was some thought given to canceling the canoe jousting because of the wind, but at least a half dozen contestants insisted that the jousting take place. One person paddling in the stern of a canoe while a second person stands on the gunwales near the bow with a jousting stick in his hand can be a challenge to maneuver even in calm water, but with the high winds it was an extreme challenge! It was difficult for the spectators as well because the wind blew the canoes down the lake while the contestants tried to maneuver against each other. The event was a success even though the spectators couldn't see them very well without a powerful pair of binoculars.

The annual No Octane Regatta is a great event, whether or not you bring a boat. There is a variety of activities that you can participate in, from making your own canoe paddle to entering a boat race or two. It's also a great opportunity to just enjoy looking at a variety of fine, well-built small boats of various types and to talk with other people who enjoy boats. It is certainly an opportunity for someone who



What's that about not standing up in a canoe?

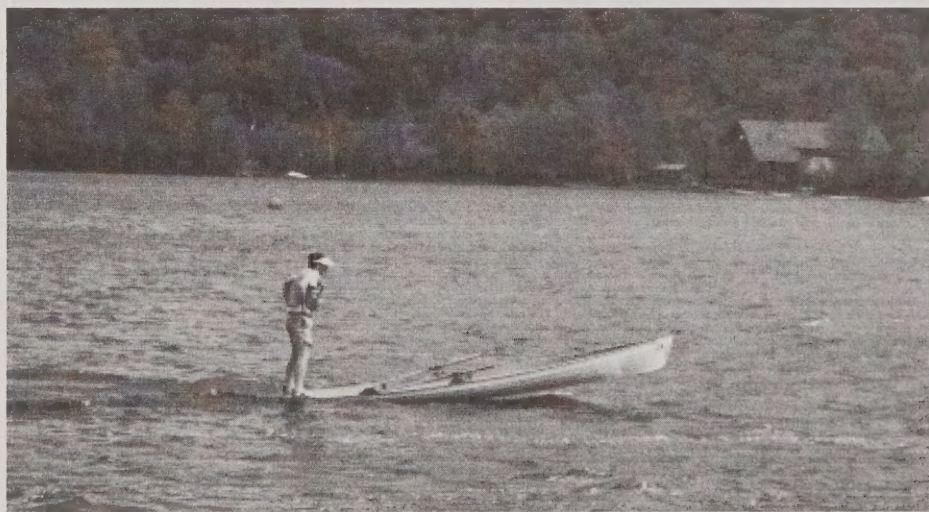
has built a fine boat to show it off to a large number of people who appreciate small boats and fine craftsmanship.

Mason Smith and Phil Bolger at play in Mason's recently acquired Bolger designed Birdwatcher. They're both in there!



This two-man pedal-powered boat designed and built by two high school students proved unseaworthy, it didn't have enough buoyancy aft.

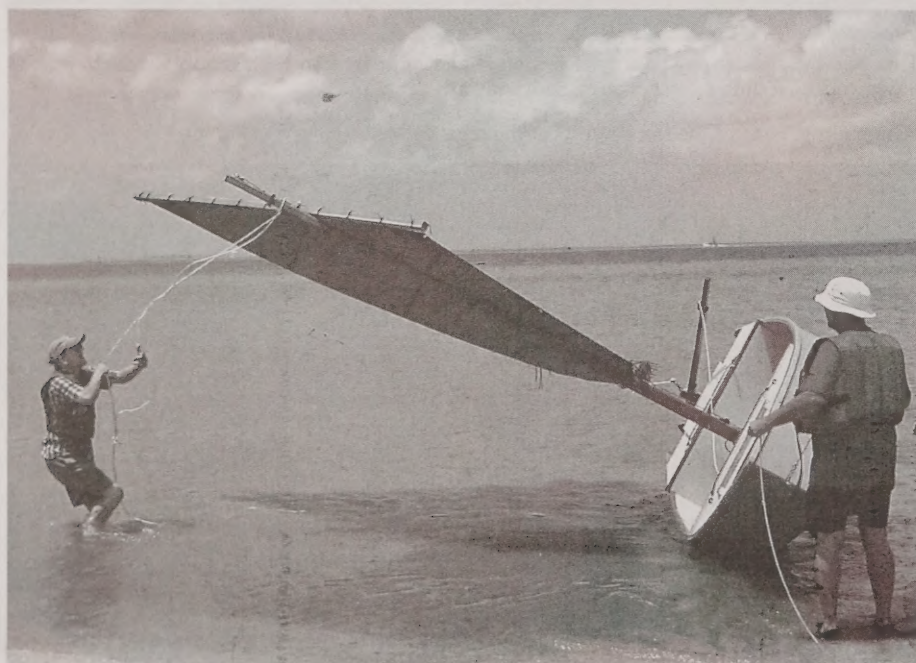
"Gunnelling," one of the fun contests at the regatta.





Boats on the beach.

Capsize testing Ladybug.



Second Annual Duckworks Messabout

Magnolia Beach, Texas

By Sandy Leinweber, *Duckworks Magazine*

Our Spring Messabout was scheduled for Saturday, May 22, but Chuck and I drove down Thursday. Our excuse was checking out the details of the spot (like we could change it at that point), but really we just wanted a little time for messing about in our boats before everyone else arrived.

We stopped in Victoria to see Charlie Jones. He is building a Princess 22 from B & B Yacht Designs. She is coming right along, not quite as fast as he had hoped, but coming ever closer to seeing the water. He announced that he was cooking dinner for us, an unexpected treat, especially for me. Instead of skillet stew from cans, we had barbecued chicken. Charlie and Laura live in the quiet town of Magnolia Beach. Laura is becoming well known on the Texas coast for her paintings of seabirds and other local scenes. For a visual feast, log onto her website at: <http://www.griffithart.com>.

What with after dinner conversation and brownies (yum), it was dark by the time we drove on down to the park. We have done it enough times in the dark that I think we could set our tent up blindfolded, and once the air mattress was inflated we fell inside and dreamed.

Friday morning we were up at first light. Just like the hair of the werewolf in the Warren Zevon song, the weather was perfect. Winds 10-15, partly cloudy, not too terribly hot. The water was a bit muddy due to recent rains upstream. We were at Lavaca Bay and the Lavaca River empties here, as do other small streams. The bottom drops off sharply along the bay, quickly down to about 4' 5", making launching simple. The beach and the bay bottom is a mix of sand and oyster shell, and Charlie and Laura had advised us to wear our boat shoes. "Those shells will slice bare feet faster than a broken beer bottle." I have to remind myself that this is salt water because it looks like a big lake. To me salt water is waves breaking on the beach and the roar of the surf. The bay shrimpers were out, not too far offshore.

The Texas coast is a study in yin/yang. The near constant wind wears at a person until you long for a break, ducking into a car or other shelter for a few quiet, still moments. It is also essential to sailors and a positive joy when skimming over the water in relative silence, the only "sound" that of the rudder slicing through the water. I'm told that East Coast sailors envy us our wind. Even the cooler early mornings and evenings would be tough to take without the breeze because the big mosquitoes would carry one away. And the sun without the wind would be unbearable. Hats and sunscreen are a must.

Thought bleak by some, the sparseness of the landscape is an inspiration to others. Some see endless sand and water and little else, but you only have to squint your eyes and pretty soon you are captivated by the

movement of the water and the patterns formed when it breaks up the light. You see the birds that wait quietly for dinner in the grass along the shore. The white egret stalks her prey with her head tilted to the side, one eye on the water, the other on me coming closer in the Toto. With a quick stab she catches her fish and takes flight, almost in the same continuous motion. Black skimmers work the edge of the water as it laps the shore, literally "poetry in motion." No alligators sighted this trip, but Charlie assures me they are there, in the shallow "lake" just inland from the bay.

We rigged the Ladybug and took her out for her maiden voyage. The Ladybug is one of Jim Michalak's new designs, and as far as we know the first one to be built. She is 14' long with a balanced lug sail and a leeboard. Chuck was a bit concerned about going out with no motor in an untested boat and no one around for rescue if something went amiss. I would never think about all the potential disasters, but he always feels compelled to list them for me, complete with visual descriptions. Broken mast, broken leeboard, broken rudder, boat turning turtle, etc. That makes me think about sharks, barracudas, and sting rays.

We decided to stay within swimming distance of shore and took off. She worked well, heading up almost straight into the wind and swells. Like any small skiff, she does capture a bit of spray and I longed for a windshield, but Chuck tells me that real sailors scoff at windshields. He was behind me at the tiller and perfectly dry until we traded places.

This is what Chuck wrote to Jim Michalak: "She is well balanced on all points

Tim Cowden of Bryan, Texas, brought his self designed canoe and a friend who flew over the messabout in his plane, snapping photos.



Ladybug under sail, a Jim Michalak design built by Chuck Leinweber.

and docile as far as we could tell." We will be taking her to Illinois in June to the Michalak messabout for a formal inspection and more capsizing testing.

The boats started rolling in Friday evening, and by Saturday noon our little section of beach was littered with interesting boats of various shapes and sizes. In addition to the Ladybug, we brought Chuck's skinboat and my Toto, also a Michalak design.

The day was gone in a flash of sails and oars and good conversation. After a potluck dinner Saturday night, including a fresh hot peach cobbler that Laura Jones brought straight from the oven, those of us who had not yet left visited until we could no longer hold our eyes open. Sunday was yet another beautiful day but we had miles to travel, and so by 10:30 we were loaded and on the road for home.

Laura Griffith's painting of a brown pelican.





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Bob William and his brother John arrived from Kerrville, Texas, with his Mouse, which is set up for either rowing or sailing. Bob is currently building a Michalak Shanteuse.

Shorty (aka David Routh from The Woodlands, Texas) is an organizer of messabouts and races, famous for the PD Racer design, about six of which of have been built and raced at various locations here in Texas. He brought his Racer hoping to have enough others show up for a race. Chuck's was the only other one that came and they decided not to race. Shorty tried all the boats, especially including those that looked like a size challenge.



Charlie and Laura Jones brought their CLC John's Sharpie, *Traveler*. *Traveler* is a beauty to behold and a joy to sail. Charlie and Laura are long time sailors, both winners of numerous Dolphin challenges. They own a small stable of varied boats and take them out whenever they can. Laura helped Chuck tweak the sail trim on the Ladybug and pronounced her an excellent little boat.

Brett Wilde, Houston, Texas, arrived with a bright yellow boat in the back of his car, a cut down Brick, *Distraction*, also set up for rowing or sailing.





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Skip Johnson from Katy, Texas, recently back from participating in the Ruta Maya, a four-day, 170-mile canoe race in Belize, spent the afternoon assembling his proa, which started life as a \$50 boat for a race that David "Shorty" Routh held at Lake Conroe last year. It is a spiffy boat and he has since made modifications that took it out of the \$50 category. I especially liked the way it was set up, with a seat for the operator. It moves FAST. Skip designed and built the boat that he and his two partners used in the race. His boats have great names, *Easy B*, *Miss Lah*, *Bionic Log*, to name a few.

Jerry Mittelstaedt, his wife, Mona, son Joseph, and friend Dave Hetrick came from McAllen, Texas, with their self-designed skiff, *Ocean Breeze*, with which the Ladybug made numerous excursions with various crew throughout the day, including two exciting at sea rescues. They also brought a Sabot and their one sheet skiff, *Night Swan*.



Cecil Carnes, from Los Alamos, New Mexico, and Sargeant, Texas, brought his self-designed *Pink Possum* with a creative double paddle made from a crutch, as well as *Calapso*. *Calapso* looked like a flat piece of plywood on the roof rack of his truck, but she folded outward with a center brace, and presto, she was a boat. Just about everyone who attended tried out Cecil's boats. Cecil wrote later with a bit of history. "*Calapso* is about 40 years old, designed and built by me with 1/4" plywood, cotton canvas held in place with tacks, and proofed with linseed oil. I designed and built the first *Possum* about 45 years ago. The *Pink Possum* is a new experiment using fiberglass drywall tape and Liquid Nails adhesive. Seems to work okay so far. The *Possum* concept is a cheap, easy-to-build, one-sheet boat for kids." It seemed to be enjoyed by some pretty big kids at the Messabout.

Also in attendance were Bob Shipman of Houston and Hunt, Texas, who brought his Boston Whaler and kayak; Kenneth and Maria Purdy of Freeport, Texas, who own, but did not bring, a Michalak Piccup Pram and are building a Fatcat 2; and Roger Harlow and his wife, Gay, from Portland, Texas, bringing a Bolger Surf. We have met up with Roger at messabouts all around the country. He is a certified small boat nut.

International Scene

A strike by tug and bargemen in British Columbia quickly illustrated how vital such vessels are to any economy. Due to Federal regulations, grain ships were not affected but cruise ship operators soon realized tugs and barges supply fuel oil and take away garbage, container ships were diverted to other ports, coal shipments to Japan were jeopardized, some sawmills closed when their supply of logs ran out, and coastal communities lost their main means of supply. After several days both sides accepted a proposal from a Federal mediator. The strike was estimated to have cost the Canadian economy some \$99 million in "lost economic impacts" and reducing the backlog in containers may take the rest of the year.

In Karachi, the eight crewmen of the tanker *Tasman Spirit* and its salvagemaster were released on bail, and in Spain, bail conditions for the *Prestige's* master were eased, now he only has to check in with police several times a week instead of daily.

Spain denied port entry to a cruise ship that had just visited Gibraltar, and Syria blacklisted Greek, Danish, and Maltese flagged ships after they stopped in Israeli ports.

Hard Knocks

The month's big casualty was the Taiwanese bulk carrier *Cape Affica*, laden with iron ore from Brazil for Japan. Just west of the tip of Africa she lost two shell plates over Hold 3 (the hole was later measured as 23m long by 7.2m wide). Her crew was removed and Smit Salvage's *Smit Amandia*, one of the biggest tugs in the world, took her in tow. South African authorities ordered them to stay at least 120nm off shore.

The South African research ship S.A. *Argulus* was chartered as a logistic base while the *Nikolay Chikker*, one of the world's two biggest tugs, would off load 1,900 tons of bunkers. Massive swells have prevented off loading and the *Chiker* caught a line in one propeller and returned to Cape Town. As this column is being written, she is now heading back to the 79,000 ton vessel which is severely down by the head.

Otherwise the month had the usual casualties. Here's a sampling: During a storm, the Norwegian seal hunting vessel *Havsel* sprang a serious leak between Jan Mayen Land and Greenland after a losing encounter with a sharp-edged ice floe. The new master and owner reported some anxious moments as his crew patched the leak and the ship headed for Iceland.

In the Far East, a Vietnamese fishing boat being illegally used as a ferry for about 200 people (mostly students and their teachers) sank; 39 died while 103 were rescued. The cargo vessel *Rui'an 8* collided with the Panamanian container ship *Resolution* and sank in the Qiongzhou Straits in South China; all 10 crew were saved. Rescuers on the Yangtze were really busy. The container ship *Feiyunhe* collided with the coal ship *Zhenfen No 5*; all 57 mariners were saved. And a cargo ship carrying plastic powder capsized after being hit by another vessel; all eight crew escaped. And the tanker *Atlantic Merchant* collided with the *Hyundai Glory*; damage but no injuries. Finally, a container ship bumped into a berthed Jiari Cruise ship, breaking mooring lines and two floating bridges.

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

Salvage

In sharp contrast to Spain's behavior in the *Prestige* matter, Omani authorities cooperated with Smit Salvage, even providing a place of refuge after the tanker *Everton* caught fire. "Access to sheltered waters was an important factor in the successful outcome," Smit stated. Omani firefighters put out the fire and Smit made temporary repairs and offloaded 80,000 tonnes of crude oil.

Ferries

At Baltimore, the Coast Guard ordered a ferry company to cut passenger loads by 25% and to widen its pontoon boats to avoid further flipovers, such as the one that killed five passengers during a fast-moving storm in March. The company volunteered to add weather radios to its fleet of nine boats. In Alaska, the Coast Guard detained the Alaska State ferry *Tustumena* after someone said its oily wastewater system wasn't operational.

New York City finally hired a professional mariner to run its ferry system. Captain James DiSimone grew up in the Bronx, headed the New York State Maritime College, and later ran a 51 tug fleet. At the northwest end of New York, the ferry *Spirit of Ontario* arrived at Rochester nearly a month late, partly due to repairs to damage incurred in a docking accident at New York. The fast catamaran was to have started service on May 1 between Rochester and Toronto. Its presence at Rochester means the annual Harborfest will have to be cancelled because 800 parking spaces, normally used by vendors, have been reserved for ferry customers. Another Great Lakes fast ferry company, LEF Corp., has reportedly gone out of business. Its *Fast Kat* was to have operated on Lake Michigan between the Twin Cities and Chicago. But farther north, the *Lake Express* will start a fast ferry service between Muskegon and Milwaukee this summer.

Two hijackers, Ahmed Arachnophobia and Mark Milktoast, had taken over the wheelhouse, a backpack had no owner, some unknown substance was present, and passengers were sick. It was a bad day on the Cape Cod ferry *Islander*. But police, Coast Guard, et al. were present because it was just a training exercise.

Cruising Around

The Bremerhaven prosecutor did not believe that Lloyd Werft broke any regulations in the uncompleted cruise ship *Pride of America* accident. The sudden wind acting on the ship and sheeting covered scaffolding was enough to cause a 1.2 degree lean, reducing freeboard by 0.7m, sufficient to allow water to enter holes in the hull.

Navies

A Rand Corp study stated the U.S. Coast Guard needs to acquire twice as many ships and surveillance drones and 50% more short range helicopters than planned and also needs to procure them in 10 years, half the planned 20-year span for acquiring the Integrated Deepwater System. The current Coast Guard of 88 ships is the 38th oldest navy in the world

and cannot possibly meet its post 9/11 obligations. Rand says the service needs at least 180 ships.

The U.S. Navy of the future may hire officers at various levels as well as continuing the normal up and out promotion system. The Navy's numbers will be smaller, both in ships (now at 295) and personnel. The new "Sea Basing" concept, recently briefed to 200 admirals, calls for about a dozen Panamax, aircraft carrier-sized ships built to commercial standards, with each carrying 20-25 short take-off, vertical landing Joint Strike Fighter aircraft capable of operating hundreds of kilometers inland. Unmanned planes and guns capable of precisely hitting targets from more than 100 miles offshore would support relatively small groups of Marines. A dozen large, flat-topped cargo ships would operate large cargo planes. These are in addition to major shipbuilding programs involving next generation aircraft carriers and destroyers, plus the Littoral Combat Ship. Budget impacts may be as soon as 2006 but don't look for everything to be built.

India may have to order ships from abroad to ensure a full capability. It has 147 vessels (heading for 127 if ships are decommissioned as per original lifespan) and feels it needs 200 ships because of erratic nuclear power Pakistan and instability in Afghanistan and former Soviet republics. "The primary strategic doctrine in the coming two decades would be prevention of war," stated one Indian analyst. India will be acquiring or building two aircraft carriers, two nuclear powered attack subs, and cruise missiles with Russian cooperation, and will obtain other high technology equipment from the U.S. because the two nations have agreed to cooperate in space and nuclear civil energy. India and the U.S. have already begun joint air exercises.

Building two aircraft carriers for the Royal Navy is beginning to approach soap opera levels. The Ministry of Defence selected both British contractor BAE Systems and French contractor Thales to design and build the warships, with BAE as the lead contractor at some time in the future. Then, MoD announced that BAE would not be the lead (MoD's Defence Procurement Agency may appoint a major British construction group to be the project manager). BAE then said it wouldn't work with Thales and wanted out but soon said it was only joking. The company soon started evaluating offers for its warship and submarine business, a small and losing part of a giant firm that does most of its business in the U.S. and Europe. Potential buyers include General Dynamics, which recently elected Robert Walmsley (last job, Vice Admiral, R.N., and Chief of Defence Procurement for the MoD) as a director, or the VT Group, the British shipbuilder and support services group formerly known as Vosper Thomeycroft. Next step?

Possibly a merger with Boeing or some other U.S. business. (Boeing wants BAE but not its torpedo and naval shipbuilding business). Meanwhile, workers' unions tried to patch relations between the MoD and BAE Systems.

The nuclear powered attack sub *HMS Trafalgar* had just finished £60 million of repairs after violently striking an underwater ledge off Scotland 18 months ago while training future sub commanders and was undergoing dock trials at full power when diesel

fumes got into the sub's air system and the crew had to wear breathing equipment. Later a Freon gas leak caused the sub to be evacuated. Since some 270 defects, some apparently serious, had been noted, 11 crew members decided they were "too traumatized" and asked out. Five of the "mutineers" later returned and the ship sailed for a shakedown cruise with a full crew.

Feminism is sweeping the Royal Navy, it named its first female base commander. Captain Carolyn Stait will be promoted to Commodore and take over at HM Naval Base Clyde at Faslane in June. She will command 7,000 staff. In January, the Royal Navy broke tradition when it appointed Lt. Charlotte Atkinson as commanding officer of the mine-sweeper *HMS Brecon*.

Nuke Stuff

In New Zealand, Opposition and National Party leader Don Brash could not recall whether he had told a U.S. Congressional delegation that that country's anti-nuclear law would change "by lunchtime" if the Nationals were elected. When and if he is elected, he may have to ascertain the public's opinion on the issue.

In the U.K., defense chiefs are trying to decide where to store old nuclear reactors from Royal Navy submarines. The last of the Navy's current 27 nuclear powered subs goes out of service in 2040 but other old nuke subs are already being stored at Rosyth. Five possible sites have been short listed, three of which are in Scotland. A decision is expected in 2006.

For the first time in two decades, Russia will supply India with nuclear powered vessels, specifically two Akula II class fast attack subs, Russia's quietest and most advanced submarine. In the early 1980s India returned its first and only nuclear powered sub, the *INS Chakra*, at the end of a six-year lease.

Building And Scrapping

South Korea passed Japan last year as the world's leading shipbuilding nation with 40% of the market. But South Korea's Daewoo Shipbuilding, 51% owned by creditors, may become owned by Chinese shipbuilders. This would sharply affect the world shipbuilding picture. South Korea hopes to stay on top vs. hard driving China by investing heavily in futuristic, new concept niche vessels.

Norwegian builder Aker Yards is predicting a rosier future in 2005 after near term dips in earnings. French naval dockyard operator DCN wants no part of any alliance with the country's biggest civil shipbuilder, Alstom Marine.

Although the exact causes are unknown, Canadian investigation found that "brittle fracture" of steel plating, especially in cold weather, undoubtedly played a part in mysterious disappearances of 23 bulkers that sank in cold water over a 20-year period. Grades of steel need be carefully chosen for cold resistance.

Piracy And Terrorism

In one week a dozen piracy attacks were reported worldwide. Three involved violent takeovers of relatively large vessels in Indonesian waters. No word, however, has been received about ransom for three members of

the Malaysian tugboat *East Ocean 2*, seized by pirates. Seven other crewmembers escaped capture by hiding in a cabin. Malaysian warships will escort commercial ships if the risk of piracy or a terrorist attack is deemed high enough. The Philippines will permanently station 12-15 sea marshals on 22 domestic ferries that combined carry 442,4996 passengers.

The U.S. Coast Guard will station members at ports in 45 countries to ensure port compliance with the new International Ship and Port Facility Security code which went into effect on July 1. Failure to pass means no ships will be heading to U.S. ports (look for possible massive economic impacts after July 1 when this and other homeland security legislation come into effect).

Eighteen nations participated in a 13-day joint anti-terrorism naval exercise hosted by Singapore and Indonesia. Philippine ferries *Superferry 9* and *Sanpaolo* were searched for bombs and possible Abu Sayyaf terrorists. None were found. And the Abu Sayyaf terrorist who confessed to bringing a bomb aboard the *Superferry 14* and causing more than 100 deaths now claims he was subjected to "intense physical torture" and was forced to sign the confession.

Odd Bits

A high technology barge, specially built to carry wings for the Airbus A380 superjumbo airliner, ran aground on a sandbar on the River Dee (an Airbus spokeswoman explained, "There was slight delay..."). Environmental Agency Wales has refused to allow dredging of the Dee, which the Port of Mostyn claims is necessary if Airbus is to continue to ship wings.

In Australia, protesters chained themselves to a tugboat at Portland to keep the *Al Messilah* from sailing with 80,000 live sheep to feed Mideast countries. They consider the live export business to be "cruel." The New Zealand master of the Greenpeace flagship *Rainbow Warrior* was arrested at Port Kembla for blocking the container ship *Rhein* from bringing genetically modified soy feed into Australia. And Greenpeace activists tried to prevent the sailing of the 27,223 dwt *Winner*, believed to be carrying genetically modified soya from Argentina.

The U.K. government rejected plans to build a giant (\$1.1 billion) container terminal at Southampton on environmental grounds and environmentalists promptly increased their efforts to kill three other terminals in various stages of planning.

Plans by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers to proceed with planning a controversial \$2.3 billion expansion of upper Mississippi and Illinois Rivers locks pleased barge owners and dismayed environmentalists.

The explosion and fire that sank the ethanol tanker *Bow Mariner* off Virginia may have resulted from cleaning 22 (out of 28) tanks that had carried MBTE (methyl tertiary butyl ether), a nasty gasoline additive required by the EPA.

The bomb laden liberty ship *Richard Montgomery* was sunk by Nazi air attack in the main ship channel off Sheerness in England in 1944 and lies there today, carefully surrounded by a berm in case it explodes and is segregated from ship traffic by yellow warning buoys. A recent check by divers showed the ship is stable and it is thought the

ammo is now unlikely to explode. But do steer clear, please, if you go that way.

Three Indian seamen were accused of murdering the master of the bulk carrier *Crimson Galaxy* some 600nm off the east coast of South America. Apparently he was assaulted, then wrapped in a bedcover and taken down five stories before being dropped into the sea. A drug cartel may be involved.

The U.S. bought two Chinese built patrol craft and delivered them to the new Iraqi Coastal Defense Force. The 27m vessels were originally ordered by Saddam Hussein under the food for oil program but were not allowed to enter the country because of their military capabilities.

Off Haiti, an international dive team located what they believe is the wreck of pirate Captain Henry Morgan's lost frigate *HMS Oxford*, sunk in 1669. King Charles II gave Morgan the 34 gun warship after his appointment as Admiral in Chief of the Confederacy of Buccaneers.

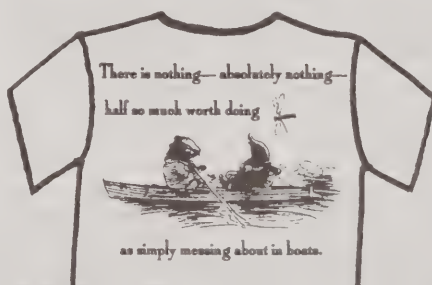
Elimination of the traditional light (light-house) dues would not have a significant effect on the U.K. or regional economies, reported a committee.

Headshakers

Pioneer French automaker Louis Renault's 1906 schooner yacht, later a toy of Italian dictator Benito Mussolini and recently a B&B at Galveston, named the *Stacia Leigh*, sank at Pier 22. News reports said that a group of "obese people" ignored owner Pat Hick's warnings to distribute their weight evenly across the vessel and the 120' vessel tilted until it took on water and sank.

Last year, the state of Florida somehow destroyed a natural reef as it pumped 545,000 cubic yards of sand to restore beaches. Now, at a project cost of \$4.2 million, 50,000 tons of limestone boulders are being carefully placed to create an artificial replacement reef.

Captain Patrick Bellingham has operated the *White Feather* for six years over a 4-1/2-mile stretch of the Exeter Ship Canal without problems but new regulations mean he must carry, on a canal 3' 4' deep, a compass, Admiralty sea charts, one lifebuoy per passenger, distress rockets and flares, and a VHF radio. He suggests that the government should conduct a risk assessment of canal travel.



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When I was building my 13.5' long, 5' wide Harmonica, a tubby jonboat with a birdwatcher style cabin, I knew all along where I was going to use the boat when the building was finished. The Erie Canal, the fabled, history steeped Erie Canal, a short drive from home. And, to be more specific, the western end of the Erie Canal, the 70 miles between Lockport and Rochester more or less.

I started the Harmonica, built from plans by Jim Michalak, right after 9/11/01. It was good therapy to keep busy and create joy and beauty in those frightening times. In the weeks before the cold got too cold for comfort in my garage here in Buffalo, New York, I assembled the transoms and bulkheads, cut out the sides, and assembled those pieces. Then I flipped the assembly over and put on the bottom and applied a layer of fiberglass.

Then the snow began to fly and I packed up my tools and went inside to do winter, which takes up half the year here, from the colder end of fall to the cool beginning of spring.

The following April, in the bracing season that we sportingly call spring, I started what ended up being about 40 hours of grinding on the bottom of the boat, working mostly with random orbit sander and small belt sander. Lake Erie holds its ice into April, acting like a huge highball glass full of ice, lots of ice. When the usual northerly winds blow, the ice sends its best to the city. Upside? No bugs. And it's good weather for building boats.

Sure, the experts say that a square head boat that was never intended to be a beautiful heirloom boat should not get the kind of attention that comes with 40 hours of sanding, but I was learning as I went, on and on and on. It was only the second time that I had fiberglassed the bottom of a boat. The first time was a Moby Dink, another of Jim Michalak's designs, that I put together that same busy fall. Many days topped out in the 40s that April, and when I was ready to put the primer on the bottom the temperature was barely above the 40-something minimum temperature stated on the can.

After painting the bottom with Interlux Brightside, it was time to flip the boat again and finish the interior. Friends Mary and Mike, the Reverend (my wife), and I gathered on a Saturday. This second flipping was much harder and would have failed if it had not been for a passing neighbor who jumped in and turned defeat into flipping victory. As the weather warmed up and hot, humid days alternated with cooler, drier days, I finished the interior, put on the decks, and waited for my trailer to arrive at Obersheimer's over on Niagara Street.

And I waited and waited for the deputies down at the river to call me and say that they had the paperwork for my hull ID number. After telling myself lots of scary stories about how Albany wasn't going to give me a hull ID number, I finally called down to the deputies, the paperwork had been there for a long time it seems.

Finally, toward August, the Reverend and I took the Harmonica, with its second-hand electric trolling motor that I bought from a guy in Niagara Falls right out of the classified ads, and we had our launch day.

We quickly grew to appreciate the stately 2-3mph that we could get from the 49-lb. thrust trolling motor; it still amuses me when



The Erie Canal And My Little Canalboat Harmonica

By Jon Rieley Goddard



Official photo sent off to Albany for my hull number.

those power walking moms pushing baby carriages on the towpath catch us and pass us on by as we glide along.

Left to my own devices, I probably would just slap on an old 2-cycle gas outboard and make a racket up and down the canal, throwing up as big a wake as any other fool, but the Reverend will have none of that and I'm glad she won't. The silence, the pace, and her love of this silent and odor-free little boat mean more to me than silver or gold.

We tried the Tonawanda Creek section of the canal a few times that first season but we didn't like the duckweed, the stronger current paired with a stiff wind at times, and the indignant deputy who threatened to do terrible things to us and our boat because our running lights were barely working and not up to code. And then there was the boatload of drunks who had a bunch of really clever things to say about our boat before dashing off to the next thing that caught their impaired attention. The canal proper doesn't grow duckweed because of the yearly draining for winter, that is a big plus. That gunk is everywhere on the lakes nearby, Erie and Ontario.

Wonder how the canal drains each fall, knocking back the duckweed, but is connected to Tonawanda Creek at its western edge? The answer is in the Guard Gates of ancient steel that are stationed along the canal to shut off the flow for winter, or even to isolate a section for emergency repairs.

We like the portion of the canal downstream from the double locks at Lockport, and we have put in at every available place between Lockport and Brockport about 30 miles further down. The section between Lockport and Rochester is about 70 miles of canal without any locks to deal with, only lift bridges, and some of those we can fit under and some we cannot.

That first season on the canal we bought a pass for the locks and lift bridges, but we find that at 2-3mph we simply don't need to

either lock or lift. The decal, though expired, does look pretty there on the side of the boat, and it only cost \$25. Ain't seen no deputies, neither. The Tonawanda Creek section connects with the Niagara River, which is the border with Canada, so the deputies are busy but far away.

There are put-in places, all free, at Widewater in Lockport, at the marina at Gasport, below Middleport, at Albion, and on down between Holley and Brockport. After two seasons on the canal we finally have done all the sections that we can from those entry points and we have started to do certain favorite sections more than once or twice.

I love the Middleport section, up the canal to the liftbridge at Middleport, which we do in the evening, coming back down the current after dark. The trip downstream is about three miles with the lift bridge at Medina being the turnaround point for us. I prefer to head upstream before going down, but some of the sections demand that we go downstream first. It took a while to gauge the time and more than once we have crawled back to our ramp, at long last, as late as 11pm or midnight. The canal is wonderful after dark though, and at our pace we can stay out as long as we want; in a gas powered boat we would quickly run into problems after the lift bridge keepers go home. At our pace the short spaces between bridge barriers still gives us up to seven miles of canal to play with.

This ain't your mamma's Erie Canal. No mule named "Sal," no packet boats or shouts of "low bridge, low bridge." Shoot, mamma would probably not put up with the pace we can attain. Everyone goes faster than we do, and we like it like that. The silent motor allows us to sneak up on the solitary herons that patrol their sections of the canal. One night we glided near a heron and it flew and landed, and flew and landed, staying just ahead of us in the darkness for a long and satisfying time.

Another time, in the golden part of the evening, we raced a huge chipmunk who ran just ahead of us, in and out of the rocks on the bank, for several enchanting minutes. How many boaters do you know who race rodents? We love it.

To pass the time, the Reverend likes to read or snooze and I like to take pictures for my website, <http://www.herknperk.com>. After launching the Harmonica I started a section on the website that I call "Erie Canal Journal." My favorite shots are the sunsets and the reflections in the murky waters of the canal.

I know of two other Harmonica builders, one in Florida who built one named *Will* with small windows and white on white paint scheme. The other is Chris Crandall's prototype *Occam's Razor*, a painted lady inspired by the colorful Victorian row houses in San Francisco. I've read his story about building his Harmonica so many times that I just about have it memorized. It's on the Internet at <http://www.ace.net.au/schooner/occam.htm>.

If you have a Harmonica I'd love to hear from you (<jonrg@adelphia.net> and I'd like to post pictures of your beauty on my website. If you would like to build one of these boats, I have posted a complete building log, with many photos, on my website and you can get the plans from Jim by mail (118 Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254). The plans are also avail-



The Reverend, my wife, likes to read and nap when we go out in the Harmonica on the Erie Canal.

able from www.duckworksmagazine.com on the Internet for \$27.50.

The Harmonica, which has no curves except for the forward portion of the bottom, is a joy to build with a minimum of head

scratching. The greatest challenge is figuring out how to get the finished hull turned over and on a trailer. Jim leaves the interior details up to you, and I chose to cut out as much plywood as I could to create less windage in a boat that sits a few inches (its draft) shy of 4' above the water. The other Harmonicas I know of have small windows and far more privacy and perhaps more options in colder weather. I made a low seat/bunk on each side of the 6.5' cabin space, the Reverend's realm, and I put 18" tall seats along each side in the captain's 3' long station aft. These seats have a few cubic feet of flotation inside with a couple more cubic feet up under the front deck. I used a two-part product called Foam It. I have a heavy marine deep cycle battery on each side up on the tops of the seats. That's for convenience and there is no problem with trim, even though the two weigh more than 150 lbs. total.

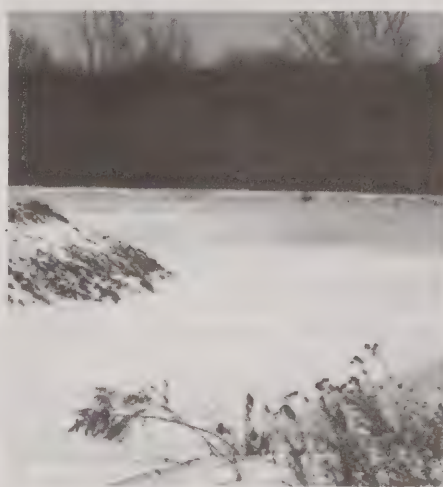
I'm all smiles as I dock the Harmonica on launch day.




We gave three friends a ride once, the heaviest load the boat has carried, and I could tell no difference in the draft with that wide and long flat bottom. This is a boat for good times and safe waters such as canals, small lakes, and protected bays. If the water is rough, don't go there in this one. The pounding would drive you up the wall. If you like gas, it'll take a 5-10hp outboard. But check with your spouse first.

We have yet to sleep in the boat and my plan of spending a night on the water on Midsummer's Eve last year was cancelled by a spell of unsettled wet weather. What we have done time after time is grab an afternoon and gone out for a leisurely evening on the water, returning in the dark, Coast Guard approved, deputy approved red/green and white running lights blazing, silly grins on our faces.

The canal in winter.





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Lizzie G and a Maine windjammer in Rockland, Maine harbor in 2002.

At the behest of a fellow boat nut (Pat Ball of Sarasota, Florida) and as owner/driver of the truck that delivered the sharpie *Lizzie G* to the Apalachicola Antique & Classic Boat Show, I wish to elaborate a bit on her background. The photo of her at the top of Robb White's article in the June 15th issue, coupled with his appreciative comments, warmed the hearts of her friends at Historic Spanish Point in Osprey, Florida, where she was built on the shoreline by volunteers five years ago under the tutelage of master boatwright Stan Lowe, since deceased.

As a retired newspaperman, however, I wish so eminent an author as Mr. White (and make no mistake, I hold him in high regard) might have enhanced his account by describing her background and hailing port with a bit more specificity than provided by his terse "...generous people from way down below Tampa Bay..." Herein that specificity, and as an admirer of Mr. White and his dad, author of *The Lions Paw* novel, I hope my sly dig causes no offense.

Historic Spanish Point is a homestead museum owned by the not-for-profit Gulf Coast Heritage Association situated on a 29-acre site in Osprey, about halfway between Venice and Sarasota. The waters of Little Sarasota Bay lap against its mangrove shoreline as they have since aboriginal Indians and, later, itinerant Cuban fishermen inhabited the area. In the late 1800s the John Webb family of New York homesteaded the site and began a coastal trade using produce they raised, plying the coast from St. Petersburg to Key West in sailing sharpies similar to, but larger than, *Lizzie G*, a boat named for John Webb's wife. Chicago socialite and early Sarasota landowner, Mrs. Potter Palmer, and her family were the final residents of the site.

Mr. Ball and I were among the volunteers who, under Stan Lowe's direction, helped build *Lizzie G* using native materials (cypress and southern pine) and wielding hand tools. We built her beneath the shelter

Lizzie G & Historic Spanish Point

By Allan Horton

of several Home Depot silver tarps laced to a shed lashed together from giant bamboo we cut on site. Her masts were hand-shaped from sand or spruce pine (*Pinus clausa*) poles harvested from a sand hill south of Myakka City in southern Manatee County. Her cleats, blocks, and other deck hardware are largely buttonwood (*Conocarpus erecta*) and her sails, as Mr. White noted, are cotton, beautifully fitted and sewn with vertical seams. When the wind fails, we propel her either with a spruce push pole or a pair of pine oars, leathered at the locks and bearing squared looms. Our favorite Coast Guard required equipment is a conch shell trumpet, the use of which we demonstrated in Apalachicola.

Lizzie G steps two masts as a cat schooner (at least, that's my opinion, some call her a cat-ketch). The shorter mast in the eyes of the bow flies a square headed mainsail that uses both a peak sprit and a clew sprit, both supported by snoters (kids love that term) tensioned through sprit nocks. The mizzen carries a leg o' mutton sail using a single sprit rigged from the luff to the clew. To reef her, one unsteps the mainmast and sets the mizzen in a second reef step built just forward of the coaming; reefing would be a risky, tough job at sea in a swell.

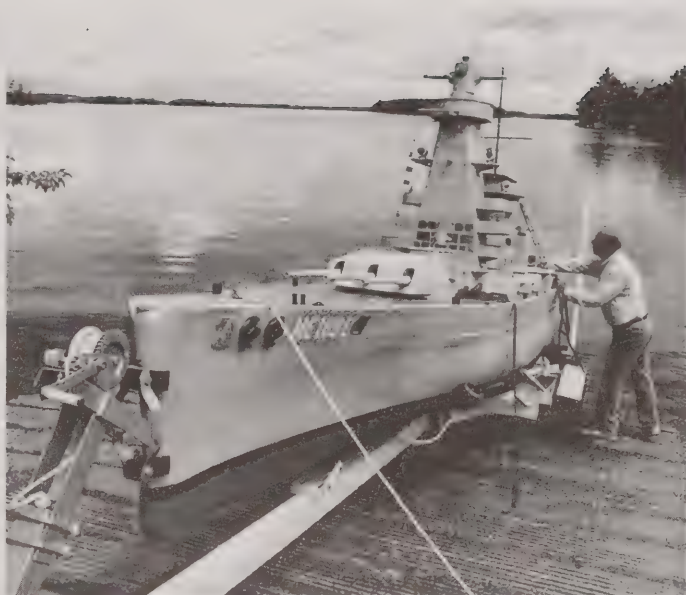
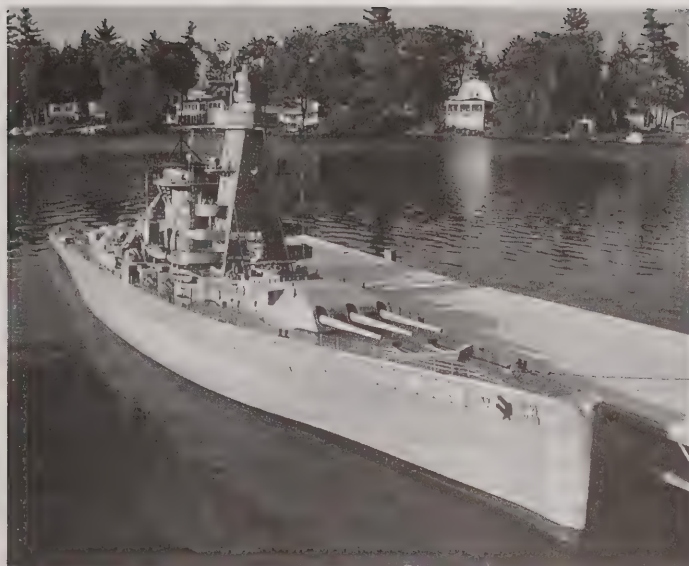
As Mr. White noted, *Lizzie* lives in the water and serves as an educational tool helping to interpret the pioneer homestead period for our visitors. She won an award as the top locally built workboat at the Apalachicola show and, based on her showing at the 2002 *WoodenBoat* Show and Atlantic Challenge in Rockland, Maine, was featured on the poster for the 2003 *WoodenBoat* Show, again in Rockland.

Those who attended the *WoodenBoat* Show in July would have seen her this year in Newport, Rhode Island, courtesy of Mr. Ball and GCHA board member Bob Kimbrough, who trailered her there. Tourists who journey to Spanish Point see *Lizzie* or one of her cohorts either under sail or moored at a reconstructed Palmer era footbridge. Built of wood, our floating fleet ranges in size and type from an 11' flattie skiff to the 23' *Lizzie G*, and includes a 1950s era George Luzier designed and built sloop named *Miss Mazie* of a class he called the GeLu. Currently under construction is an 18', two-masted Florida Bay sharpie, a copy of a boat named *Ella* built by Bob Pitt of Bradenton, and a 21' power launch named the *Magic*.

We are a bunch of retired guys (and a few women) from as far distant as England who spend up to three days a week (once a week in the summer) building and maintaining these boats. Most of us read *MAIB*, several of us own autographed copies of *How to Build a Tin Boat*, and all of us are enthusiastic adherents to Ratty's slogan, "There is nothing, absolutely nothing, half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats."

We invite all wooden boat nuts to come see us sometime. If you're southbound on I-75 on the Florida west coast, a turn at Exit 200 will bring you to US 41; we're about five miles north on Little Sarasota Bay. Northbound I-75 travelers must exit at the Laurel Road exit, turn west (left) to US 41, and proceed as above. Historic Spanish Point is open six days a week from 9am to 5pm, and 12 noon to 5pm on Sundays; the price of admission is \$7 and, yes, there's plenty else for all to see, from a cross-sectioned Indian midden to a thriving butterfly garden.

We'll be back next year to Apalachicola (and Cedar Key, for that matter) and who knows, maybe we'll launch and sail *Lizzie G* in the Apalachicola River. Like Mr. White says, a boat looks a lot better in the water than on a trailer.



Major League Modelling

From Ned Asplundh

The *Admiral Graf Spee* is a remarkable 1:20 scale model of the World War II German pocket battleship built by William Terra of Maine. The ship was scratch built of basswood strip planking (1"x4") then glassed with epoxy.

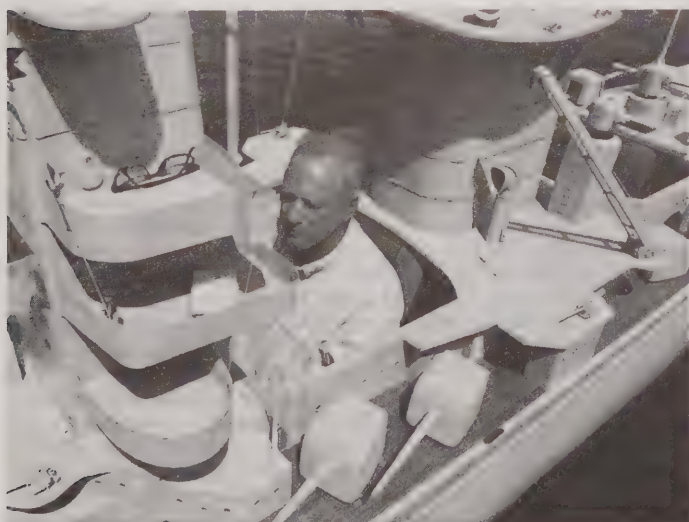
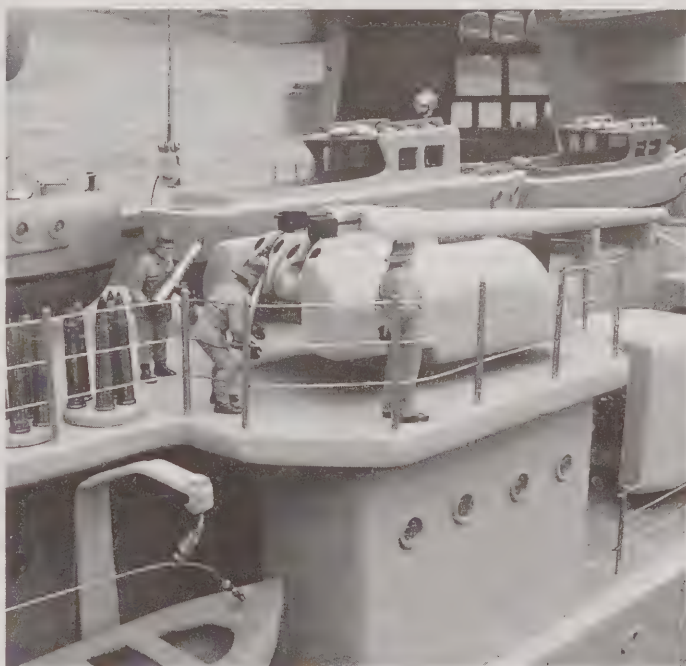
The 30' ship weighs an estimated 700 lbs., has a beam of 52", and can float a live crew of two. It is powered by a 15hp outboard hidden under the stern gun turret and can steam at about 15mph.

The skipper has put four years into the model construction and expects to spend another two years on completing details. Speaking of which, take a close-up look at the photo where you can see a gun crew loading what appear to be live rifle rounds on the gun deck. Nothing was spared to achieve scale accuracy and realism.

The *Graf Spee* has a music system built in, while Terra cruises the lakes of Maine he enjoys listening to Wagner.

Our thanks to John Asmussen, webmaster of the Bismarck Class website www.bismarckclass.dk/shipmodels/shipmodels_menu.html from where these photos came. Check the site out for other fascinating ship model photos: German, British, French, U.S., Russian, and Japanese.

Another model builder has begun work on a 40' version of the *USS Arizona* which would place it at roughly 1:15 scale. More photos of this project can be seen at Kurt Greiner's website <http://wmunderway.8m.com/gallery13/gallery13.htm>. Kurt's main site is www.warshipmodels.com.



Well, it was a long, cold winter (ain't y'all Northerners getting tired of the whining of Southerners)? On Good Friday the water temperature was still down in the low 60s, but the air was getting up around 80 in the hot part of the day and that'll warm things up pretty quick. The wind was also lying down and so we had an easy trip over to the island in the Rescue Minor for a change.

I started to let her rip and did for a little while to check on what my most recent jackleg propeller modifications have the top speed up to. Which, at that, I need to explain something I learned about boat propellers a long time ago, and since I am a po boy who can't afford to send them off to the shop at every little whim of a re-pitching notion, has stood me in good stead. I do my own propeller work. I also do my own wheel alignments on automobiles and trucks. I would do my own dentistry except I don't have any teeth to work on anymore.

Anyway, a little boat propeller is not a sacred object. I don't know if I would take a sledge hammer to the wheels of the *QE II*, but I'll re-pitch an outboard motor propeller without even taking it off the engine. I'll just stand out there in the water and tappety, tap, tap with my two little identical ball peen hammers until I get it to looking suitable. I might be a tad different with each blade, but you know the blades of a propeller work independently of each other and, if you don't take off any metal, the thing will remain balanced and you can't tell that it wasn't "machine pitched" at Michigan Wheel by running it. The best thing about doing it in situ is that you can run it right away while you still remember how it was doing before so you'll know if you improved it or not.

I'll give you a few propeller basics I learned by fooling around like that. You can re-pitch an aluminum outboard prop about 2" either way before you knock a chunk of it out. You can't do it but about twice though, or it'll fatigue. Stainless steel propellers are about the same but a bronze propeller can be pitched up or down almost 4" but you might have to anneal it in the oven (450° for an hour, then cool overnight in the oven works for me). Of course, if it is an outboard motor propeller it helps to push the rubber bushing out first. I think you can probably anneal an aluminum propeller, too, but I have never tried it.

Another thing I have learned is that cavitation (actually "ventilation") can be controlled some by cupping the trailing edges of the blades with an abrupt little hook. It doesn't take but just a little bit and looks like it would ruin the hydrofoil of the wheel but it doesn't affect the efficiency at all. A cupped propeller runs like had one more inch of pitch, though. I like to run an outboard motor picked up as high as I can get it on the transom without too much cavitation, and I have learned that if I re-pitch it so that the pitch actually increases out the diameter of the wheel (meaning that the tips are higher pitched than the part of the blades nearer the hub...I call that "gain pitching") that'll do a lot of good with the cavitation, and if I then cup the trailing edge, too, I'll have a pretty good wheel.

That gain pitch business is interesting. You know how, when you look at a normal prop, the blades look like they lose pitch the further from the hub they are? I mean, up near the hub, they are pitched up real steep but

Sometimes it's Hard and Sometimes It Ain't

By Robb White

out by the tip, the pitch appears to be much less. You would think that was a fact, but it ain't. The blades of the prop are all the same pitch everywhere in the diameter of the wheel if they are still like Mr. Michigan made them.

The pitch of a propeller is measured in how many theoretical inches the wheel would advance per revolution if it was a screw driving through wood without any slip at all, and a larger diameter propeller gets more done than a smaller diameter wheel so propellers are washed out at the tips of the blades so each place on the diameter does the same theoretical work and nothing gets dragged.

Did y'all get that? I ought to go to engineer school so I could learn how to explain things properly with the proper words and all, don't you think? Another way to say it is that an 8" pitch, 8" diameter propeller looks pretty steep but an 18" diameter, 8" pitch wheel looks as flat as anything.

So, since I am not one to leave an ideal situation alone, I gain pitch propellers all the time. Phooey on that little fat place on the blades down by the hub. It ain't doing anything but dragging anyway and theories are just fine in their place. It is the thin part of the blade out at the end that is doing all the work of pulling, not only the hub and inner part of the blades through the water but the whole damned foot of the engine as well. That's one reason I like to pick the engine up as high out of the water as I can. The other reason is to keep from having to pole the boat as far. A gain pitched wheel will run higher than a true pitched wheel.

These bass boat yahoos all pick the engine up so high that only the skeg and the bottom half of the wheel are in the water. Of course they can't get that overpowered, overweight, metal-flaked monster to plane with the engine picked up like that so they have a hydraulic big deal ("jack plate") on the transom that picks the engine up after the boat is up on plane. You ought to see the rooster tail. Hell, you ought to see them two roosters sitting down behind their little individual jet fighter windshields like they were going 600mph when they are only going 100mph and fixing to have to stop and check the high tech to see if there are any lunkers down there so they can watch the bait descend on the fish finder and guide the bait into his or her mouth with the side scanning sonar. Wow! I used not to be like this...but I am now.

I did have to look at the wheel on some of those rigs and I needed to see the wheel on one of those European offshore racing boats that run with the propeller sticking way out behind the boat on a shaft with a universal joint so they can not only raise it up so only half the propeller is in the water, but can steer the boat by wagging the tail, too. They call it an Arneson drive but I call it a Cajun drive and the Southeast Asians say they hold the international patent. The Cajun rig and Vietnamese rig work the same way except they swivel the whole mess, engine and all by hand

instead of little vulnerable looking hydraulic cylinders like Mr. Arneson.

I had to find out about the "surface piercing propeller" so I got on the internet. I have to explain that. I always go to the library because they have what they call a "firewall" which eliminates porn pop-ups. I have used the "provider" of various of my relatives and they are purists about maximum know about y'all, but I do not like to see the genitals and the terminus of the alimentary canal of people of whom I am not fond.

What I found out sitting safely in the library is that "surface piercing" propellers have to have a few characteristics. One thing is that the leading edge must be razor sharp. Another thing is that the after face of the blades has to be concave in cross section. Some of them have a straight and square trailing edge. I don't think we know all there is to know about hydrodynamics quite yet. I did not notice any mention of gain pitching on that web site. Perhaps I ought to have entered the chat room and told them about that but the library does not allow "chat."

I have got the wheel of the Rescue Minor just about to suit me. Of course, I have had to anneal it about five times. I am still running the little 9-1/2" x 8" weedless wheel and I like it. It used to be an outboard motor prop and the hub is real small and thin after I reamed it out to 1". The blades are very thin and, if it wasn't for the configuration of the bottom of the boat, I would be afraid of hitting something, but I think it'll be fine and I do have the push button prop nut and the "ideal" 10-1/2 x 10" (downpitched from 12") old storm boat motor wheel. I say "ideal" because it will load the engine to get all 20hp and drive the boat to its top speed (about 22.5 knots), but I don't like it. For one thing, it isn't weedless. You know a weedless wheel will run right over a floating polyethylene trap warp and that, to my notion, is a good thing.

Another thing wrong with the big prop is that, even with the engine idled all the way down as slow as it'll run (and probably not oiling the valves right), the boat moves too fast to suit me, where the little 9-1/2" wheel will creep right along. I ain't gain-pitched the spare wheel but I did cup it and it runs alright but it will cavitate a little more than the little wheel. I think I could cure that like I did the weedless prop but, hell, it runs.

You know, efficiency is different for diesel engines than it is for gas engines. They don't have to suck a mouthful of the proper mixture at every intake stroke. They just breathe air and inject whatever fuel it takes to maintain the rpms set by the governor. An underloaded engine runs lean all the time. It just feeds what it needs and how fast the engine runs doesn't matter all that much. The engine of the Rescue Minor turns up more with that little wheel than it does with the "ideal" prop to get the same speed but it still runs mighty cheap. There is a simple rule about fuel economy in an overpowered boat running at half speed. You want to over pitch the prop on a 4-stroke gas engine but ease off on a diesel or a 2-stroke outboard. The diesel will coke up the valves running slow and loaded and a 2-stroke outboard will foul plugs and might stick rings if it is lugging.

So I have some more data. The top speed with the little wheel is now 15.5kts...gain pitched, cupped, and jacklegged in its current state. You know what the tugboat men I

used to run with call nautical miles and statute miles? They say "sea chart miles" and "intracoastal (except they say "intercoastal") miles" and they call knots "rpms."

One time when I was young and first got promoted out of the galley down to the engine room, I tried to synchronize the engines on the boat. You know the throttle control from the wheelhouse is sort of sloppy but the stops for idle and "hooked up" are adjusted by the engineer right there on the injection pump and are more precise so, in theory, he can synchronize the engines to make the pistons beat all at the same time so that wow, wow...wow, wow, wow...wow, goes to doing wow, wow, wow, wow, wow all steady and even.

I farked around down there for two hours and never did get both engines to stay right. When I went up to take the captain his cup of coffee about 2:30 in the morning, he said, "What you been doing farting around with them throttles? Don't you know you can't synchronize no 16-cylinder engines. All it takes is for one of them barnacles on the wheel to stick out his tongue and you fall two cylinders behind."

Jesus...I was going to tell you another fishing story when I started this but my time is about up so I'll just have to condense it down to jellied stock and then I'll tell you a little more data. I split the figures up like this so you won't get overloaded with facts. It was a good trip over to the island. There was a light chop on the cheek of the boat which used to make it cavitate a little bit when it was running light but not anymore. I think what happened was that the waves carried a little bit of air up under Atkin's bow and it trained back to the wheel and it still does. You can see it come out from under the transom but the gain pitch and the cup keeps the propeller pulling. You can hear a little thrum when a big trail of air passes through but I think the prop throws it off (or compresses it) so quick that there is no lost motion. It will still cavitate if you push it harder than it wants to go downwind and run over big waves but, as soon as the hull gets all the way back in the water, it clears the air out and the boat goes on.

In my opinion only a crazy person drives a boat downwind faster than it wants to go, just like only a crazy person drives a horse downhill faster than he (or she, or it) wants to go. A horse might stumble and throw you and then fall on you and mash your spleen out your nostrils, and a boat might root and yaw and throw you out and turn over on top of you and bust your brains out. I leave that kind of antic to yahoos.

Which, as an aside, leaping waves isn't good for these modern, foam-cored, thin-skinned fiberglass boats. The skin comes a loose from the foam and leaves a big void on the bottom which ripples in the flow and eventually fills up with water. Trailers will delaminate them, too. Don't buy any fiberglass boat without feeling all over the bottom for such as that. If I had the itch for a big fiberglass boat, I would pull it on the truck scales to see what it weighed. Back in the old woven roving days a fiberglass boat could take that kind of treatment, but not anymore.

I had to hang around the shop waiting for a prospective customer (I think the bull has left a little warm pile in the stock market again) so we didn't get over here until about 5:30pm but, thanks to the time change, it was

still good light, so we unloaded the boxes and got the net and took off to one of my almost sure fire holes. The tide was good and high so we ran right along the beach looking for fish with our Polaroid sunglasses. There weren't any. I bet I walked three miles carrying the heavy net.

The spring mullet are late this spring over here on this island. I finally caught two little ones but they were in a net full of grass. It took me 20 minutes to clear the net, and by then the sun was too low to see good so we came on back. Two spring mullet are just right for a low cal supper and Jane made cole slaw while I cleaned the fish and fried them. It was a tough little supper to get but turned out real good. Cole slaw and fried fish go together sort of like apples and cheese.

With that, I believe I'll finally tell you how to fry fish. I promised a long time ago but never got around to it. Ain't nothing to it. The trick, just like for everything, is in the preparation. Scale, gut, and fillet the fish and dry the fillets and backbone (only an extravagant fool throws away the backbone of a fish) and cut the fillets up in small pieces. You can get away with frying a whole fillet only if you skin the fish (only a fool), if you don't the skin shrinks and rolls up the fillet and the oil can't run out good. Of course, if you are frying little bream or pinfish, whole, with the skin on both sides you don't have to cut them up. You don't even have to cut off their heads.

Salt and pepper the little pieces and backbones and shake the pieces of fish in corn meal (I like "Masa Harina" Mexican tortilla corn flour) and leave them sit on a piece of newspaper for at least 20 minutes. That way the juice of the fish will permeate the meal and when you put them in the hot oil, the vaporization of the water will repel the oil and the fish won't come out greasy. The main thing is to have the oil hot enough. It is a trick to keep it hot enough to cook the fish before the water evaporates and lets the oil in and yet not scorch the grease, but it can be done. That's the art of it.

There are fry cooks in restaurants (which Julia Mae's in Carrabelle, Florida, is a prime example...so is the Spring Creek restaurant in Wakulla County...find that if you can) who can tell the temperature by just looking at the sheen on top of the oil, but I use a candy thermometer. The right temperature is 375 (not all of them thermometers are accurate) and you have to have a quick hand on the knob to keep it at that as the evaporation of the water in the fish slows down and quits cooling the oil. There is another way to give yourself an edge...you can use lard or suet (beef fat). That'll cook a lot hotter without burning than any vegetable oil, but we don't do that no more. Peanut oil is the closest thing to it.

Just last year I learned something I have been trying to figure out for a long time. You know mullet don't keep well. A frozen mullet ain't fit to eat and salted fish are inedible for people who weren't raised on it from infancy (and ain't many of us left). Smoked mullet will keep for about a week in the refrigerator without getting rancid but mullet are fat fish and the only way to keep the air from oxidizing the fat is to exclude it entirely. They can be canned...I did it last fall but, because of these damned book related speeches I have been obligating myself for, I only put up three jars. I seasoned them with Montreal steak seasoning and Hispanic Mojo

Criolio and hot Hungarian paprika (I like ethnic mixes and think that's the only prospect for world tranquility) and smoked them lightly. Boy, were they ever good. I have been waiting for the return of the spring mullet like somebody in Iraq waits to get to come home. Which, as an aside, I believe both these presidential candidates need to donate all that big money they are spending on all these TV ads to facilitate that homecoming. We already know all we need to know about them anyway.

Early Saturday morning Jane and I went to Bullet Island in the Rescue Minor. For some reason the spring mullet show up there in quantity before they get thick anyplace else. The old boat ran most exquisitely. I like 10.5kts and so does the boat. I think that is the most efficient speed and the syncopation of the three cylinders of the engine sounds just right. I can hit it just by listening. Another thing about 10.5 is that it makes it easy to figure out when you'll get someplace. I am arithmetically challenged and the idea of 50 miles in five hours and get there early appeals to me.

You know, given good conditions, I could get to the Grand Bahama Bank in five hours from the Keys. I think the Bahamians would like the idea of the Rescue Minor, too. The shallow draft is one thing but the main thing they would like is that gas mileage. Fuel is mighty high in the Bahamas. I have a few more figures about that. The gas mileage at that 10.5kts is about 26.5 sea chart miles to the gallon at the last averaging. I bet a college trained engineer could get his slide rule and figure out how much horsepower a diesel engine would have to use to burn a gallon of fuel in the length of time it would take to go 26.5 miles at 10.5 knots at the average kilograms of fuel consumed by a small naturally aspirated diesel engine per kilowatt hour and convert all that to gallons and horsepowers and figure out the facts.

Hell, I could even do it if I wanted to apply myself but I like to eyeball stuff like that and save my strength for writing poetry. I think the Rescue Minor uses around 8hp at 10.5kts...how about that?

It was dead calm all the way to Bullet Island and the tide was high and rising so we ran right down the beach and watched the redfish and sheepheads (and a few speckled trout...squeteag...which are just now coming back from the devastation of the unregulated use of monofilament gill nets). I love to run right down the beach. I try to dodge around the birds so they won't take off and outrun the boat (sand pipers and willets can fly better than 10.5 knots) and light and then have to take off again when we catch up. We even made it across the pass between Dog and St. George Island in a dead calm.

There was a little round topped swell but no chop which was unusual because of the wakes of all the sports fishermen who are always going in and out down there, but this weekend was the "Timber Island King Mackerel Tournament." These hotshots all pay some pretty big money to get a chance to win a little bit more bringing in the most and biggest kingfish. King mackerel are big scumbid fish that look sort of like Spanish mackerel except that they sometimes get to be bigger than 100 lbs. (average less than 20 lbs.). They are sort of fun to catch. I always used to catch them on live bait when I was trying to catch

something else. I ain't all that crazy about any mackerel, and kingfish are about the bottom of my list but any big, fast fish is fun to catch.

They have a peculiar habit. They'll run and fight like hell for a long time and, when you finally get them close, you'll think you lost them because they'll run under the boat and hide in the shadow and the line will go slack. One time one of my ex-brothers-in-law got all hepped up on kingfish and caught a whole freezer full of them. None of his children or his ex-wife will eat any kind of mackerel anymore. Anyway, I think they used a Lemans start for this tournament because all the boats came roaring out of the mouth of the river in such a wad that the whole place was white with plastic and wakes for ten minutes, but the pass was clear when we got there and we tooled it across just like we were the only people in the world...until we got to St. George.

The bayside point of the east end of that island is one of the best fishing places around here. It is a state park with a pretty good road to a paved parking lot right near the fishing hole and there were maybe 30 people standing in the water fishing. When we were children we used to do it there, too, but back then we were the only ones. We passed wide of those people and I saw a couple of bent poles and wondered what they had on but we needed to carry on so I didn't stop and snoop. There are a lot of redfish around that point and a big red will bend the pole for a long time.

When we got to Bullet Island the wind was dead calm and the tide was dead high. We pushed up on our little private beach and waded through the marsh grass to Hem-um-up Creek. Though we didn't see any mullet while we were coasting the three miles down the bayside of the island (plenty of reds and

sheepheads), I saw them roiling the water everywhere in the creek. "They here, Jane," I said, "get the bag."

"We forgot the bag," she said.

"Get the bucket, then," I said. We waded up the creek driving the stupid spring mullet ahead of us. Where the creek divided, Jane blocked one way out while I herded them up the other. Finally we had them all in a wad in the bitter end. Just as they started to panic and run between our legs, I threw. Jesus, y'all, I caught 27 fish in that one throw. We didn't need any bucket. We just dragged them back to the boat in the net. Took me 2-1/2 hours to get them ready to can. We had a feast for lunch, too. Jane is the only the second person I ever knew to eat 13-1/2 mullet gizzards at one sitting. We'll feed the backbones to the grandchildren.

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Reaching retirement age and brimming with dreams set aside for such a time, I decided to purchase my first sailboat. After careful research I fell in love with a Boatex 1200 dinghy and I called the esteemed Roger Poole, owner of Boatex and son of famed designer Aaron Poole, and placed my order. Roger is a pretty nice guy and offered me copious options, including a nice colored stripe on the hull and matching color on the sail. I liked blue. But said statement brought me to the keen awareness that I was about to drift into an area far beyond the capability of my meager intelligence and personality.

Roger asked, "What color blue?" Ignorant Doc thought that blue was blue.

"Oh no," said Roger, "we have several shades of blue."

I knew for certain I was in trouble. During my generation's war I joined the American Yacht Club, better known as the U.S. Navy (well, my WWII Marine Corps combat veteran father did imply something about enlist or be left out of his will). Uniform colors in the Navy were simple, blue and white. Our dress blues were navy blue as were our undress blues, our peacoats, and our underwear when we inadvertently tossed our socks in the washing machine with our skivies after a scholarly night of research and experimentation with pick-up lines of San Diego women at any place that sold alcohol.

In Viet Nam we never, ever made mistakes or experienced failures. We had major successes and minor successes. So when my wife, Miss Kalevala and Goddess of the Lapland, questioned the shade of blue on my sailboat, I went to WalMart and checked out crayons to see if blue had somehow changed.

Perhaps I should start by saying that I went to a Catholic elementary school. Because most of the kids came from blue collar homes and no one had any money, crayons were limited to the eight per pack size. Additional colors were considered gaudy, immoderate, excessive, showy, and sinful (no doubt mortal). We didn't want to go to hell so we stuck to the basic colors, the all you ever need to know about color Crayola package, black, white, red, yellow, green, blue, orange, and purple. Period.

What color blue? Blue's blue. Well there might be dark blue, light blue, and blue blue, but what else could there be? This was a silly question as I was about to find out. Blue just isn't blue anymore. Some loony person (no doubt a WASP East Coast art major who had never served in the military, been to Dorchester, or even knew of parochial schools) had invented a whole batch of new blues, which confused and confounded me.

My studies at Drake, Muscatine, Upper Iowa, Winona State, the University of South Dakota, and the Defense Language Institute never covered the concept of "blue." Physics was not my favorite class, in fact, they tossed me out of school before I took it, nevertheless, I did not know that there was class of hardness to blue. How could blue be hard? But the clerk showed me Soft China Blue, Light China Blue, Soft Blue, Light Cobalt, Light Aqua, Steel Blue, and Soft Steel Blue (too much lead?). I had an artistic feeling not unlike being stuck in irons. If Diamond Blue is tougher than Lodestar or Sapphire Blue, then is Tile Blue weaker? I stupidly asked if there was a Heavy Blue and that statement was met with an icy blue stare.

I Got Da Blues

By Stephen D. (Doc) Regan

Dumb old me honestly thought blue was blue. The last geography class I took was in 1961 but now we have a China Blue (dimwitted me, I thought China was Red!), Emerald Blue (I am Irish, isn't the Emerald Isle green?), Aegean Blue (sounds nice and warm to me on this wintry day in Iowa), Blue Ridge (which I thought were mountains), Sausalito Blue, Yorktown Blue (yes, the British soldiers were probably pretty blue at Yorktown), Boundary Waters, Baltic, Delta (yet again, dense me thought Delta Blues was music), and Bering Sea (a little colder than Baltic perhaps).

I stumbled and fumbled at the discovery of Monterey Blue. I lived in Monterey for a year and it is truly a colorful city as well described in the sundry John Steinbeck books. Shocking pink, or maybe red, but blue and Monterey don't strike much of a chord with me. Of course, there is Flemish Blue, Erie Canal Blue, and French Blue. I disliked French classes in college but the Navy made me a French linguist. I take pride in the fact that I scored lower on my French finals than anyone in the history of the Defense Department. Madame Dupuis shouted at me, "Monsieur Regan, don't you know ANYTHING?" Yeah I do, I don't like French, and I won't like French Blue either.

My intent on looking nautical took a severe hit when my mind was further bombarded with the fact that blue is a botanical notion. I was confronted with Heather Blue, Sage Blue, Azure Heather, Pool Blue Heather, Blue Iris, Dutch Blue Iris (the damn Dutch always were persnickety, but not as bad as the French), Blue Aster, Periwinkle, Floral Blue, Bright Blue Heather, Sea Blue Heather, Lapis Blue (I thought lapis was a funny name for a rabbit), Thistle Blue (when I sit in thistles they are invariably green, but I am not about to argue at this point), and Wild Iris (wasn't she a stripper in San Diego?). I never liked vegetables and never, ever consider eating something blue. Blue is blue, besides isn't Periwinkle and Iris kind of sissy sounding? What God fearing sailor who wants to go down to the sea again asking for a tall ship and a star to steer her by would be caught dead in a Floral Blue uniform with Blue Iris trousers.

Then my cerebral cortex was really tossed for a loop when introduced to even more blues. There is a Dusk Blue (is there a sunrise blue?), Sky Blue (I remember that Hamm's beer is from the land of sky blue water), Fresh Blue (God help us with a blue that isn't fresh), True Blue (never worn by lawyers), Bright Blue (talented and gifted?), Bright Blue Heather (must be a female version, is there a Bright Blue Bob?), Clear Blue (can Cloudy Blue be far behind?), Washed Blue (I'll bet his mommy made him wash behind his ears), and Rinsed Dark Indigo blue (well, if you wash you better rinse, too). Alpha Blue must be the top dog of blues and God only knows why the world needs Nimble Blue. Crescendo is too loud for my likes and Blue Mood is what I see my shrink for. Blue Dream usually involves beautiful bikini clad Scandinavian blondes which give off Blue Flame passions.

Did you know age makes a difference in blues also? Yuppers, we have an Antique Blue and Antique Indigo, Weathered Blue, and Light Antique Indigo. I know that I am old and wearing an old color is not going to attract those gorgeous Scandinavian blonde sweeties to my dockside. On the opposite tack is Baby Blue and Powder Blue which are clearly too immature for me. Is there possibly a Middled Aged Stud Muffin blue?

Water blues were next in line. I looked at Sea Blue and Light Sea Blue. Saltwater Blue must be different than Lake Blue. The last time someone said something about colors having a salty taste they were quite high on LSD. Nautical blues come in Navy Blue, True Navy Blue, Admiral Blue (oh, I think that is the one for an old salt like me), Captain's Walk (for those that didn't get their star?) Flag Blue, Marine Blue (dad would have liked that one), and Bright Marine Blue (for those smart enough not to be grunts?), and even a Deep Ultramarine (must be for the really gung-ho Marines). Bayside Blue?

Is there a The-head-is-stopped-up-and-we-are-up-to-our-tushes-in-toilet-water Blue? Can Dockside Blue, Out-in-the-middle-of-the-channel Blue, and a You-are-locked-in-irons Blue be on the list? What, pray tell, is the difference among Blue Mist, Tidal Blue, Seashore, or Lagoon Blue? I spent my boyhood in the Mississippi sloughs, so there just has to be a Mississippi Backwater Blue. I can't imagine how Shifting Wave Blue is different than Southern Sea, Trout Stream, Sea Galleon, Blue Ocean, or 7 Lakes Blue. In the water line we also have Seaside Blue, Blue Wave, Portal Blue, Blue Ocean, and Transatlantic. You just know there is a Pacific Blue, Mediterranean, Arctic, and Caribbean Blue somewhere.

I was given a B.A. degree at Upper Iowa University (anything to get rid of me). We were the Upper Iowa Peacocks (cheering "Go Peacocks, Fight" hardly struck terror into the hearts of the Luther Norsemen or Wartburg Knights). I think Peacock Blue is a bit loud. Worse, the official color of the university is not Peacock Blue but actually Columbia Blue. Do bluebloods at Columbia wear Royal Blue? All I recognize is that when in Navy boot camp we wore Chambray Blue shirts.

Bluebirds used to poop on our parade grinder. Bluebirds was the best reading group in First Grade (I was in the Redbirds until Sister Mary Annette moved me down to the Crows). We do have the choice among Bluebird Blue, Parrot, Robin's Egg, Jay, and Bird's Eye. Don't ask me to tell you the difference between Peacock and Peacock Plume Blue.

You must not be anybody unless you have a blue named after you. Holly must be a tribute to Buddy Holly who died here in Iowa. Chopin and Caruso Blues are the candidates from the classical music department. Picasso and Degas Blues represent the painters. Cornelia Blue must be named after the wild Irish woman who rode roughshod over the Sisters of the Presentation of the Virgin Mary. For the record, Sister Mary Cornelia was my great aunt. Electra and Neptune come out of the blue of Mount Olympus. Is Phantom a slight nod towards the stage musical?

In the end I told Mr. Poole to send my little dinghy in the blue he liked best. I am sorry, but I have had enough blue to make me red in the face. Oh dear Lord, let's not go there!

Mississippi Bob Brown brought up an interesting predicament moving canoes from home to the water. I, too, have found that the bumperless and gutterless modern American cars are no longer designed to provide a strong and secure base for anchoring a canoe on the roof. Trying to cartop my 17-footer from Waukon, Iowa, to my house in Cedar Rapids in a wind storm, I experienced one of those "Oh, damn" moments when the canoe attempted to fly off to the Land of Oz because the strain on the strap hooks attached to the car door frame was insufficient and the hooks slipped. The flight was unsuccessful but a myriad of deep scratches on the roof of my new car left me in a state of undeniable anger and frustration.

Mississippi Bob presented one possible solution. Buying a new pickup and building racks was another idea. And Professor Victor Clarke, notorious canoeist and river rat from my alma mater, suggested a homemade trailer specifically created for canoes. He built one that can handle several boats/canoes at once. I have neither the proclivity nor welding knowledge critical for such an endeavor. Being lazy and cheap, I sought alternative ideas.

Subsequently my neighbor, Scott Peterson, who is a maintenance engineer,

Canoe Car Top Rigging

By Stephen D. "Doc" Regan

noted my car damage, realized the problem, sympathized (sort of), and proffered a possible solution. Scott is one of those people who has every imaginable tool and device known to modern wood, metal, and plastic workers. If it does not exist, Scott makes it. He is the type of guy who could make a new fender for a 1947 Chevy out of scrap aluminum beer cans from my garage. He has the tools and the knowledge to do it. Of course, the fact that he owns a four stall garage with adjoining workroom is a slight advantage. He rebuilds old cars for the fun of it when he is not sharpening his power saws or bending pipe for a homemade exhaust system.

Scott recognized that current models of automobiles lack the angle and the rain gutter necessary for strapping a canoe on a car. He concluded that I needed four side attachment points for the straps. He took precise measurements of my car doors both front and back. Taking aluminum pieces cut to his mea-

surements, he first angled them to fit my doors and turned them up over the roof with adequate space for the foam rubber squares on which my canoe would rest. He drilled large holes in these brackets for web straps to hook into and glued rubber padding on the inside so that no metal would rub against the door frame.

As the pictures show, these brackets fit snugly underneath the rubber gasket surrounding the door hole in the frame of a car. Just peel back the gasket and insert the bracket. It is snug and won't move a hair when the door is closed. Since the rear doors are shaped differently than the front doors, he made two separate sets and labeled them accordingly.

All I have to do is insert the brackets, mount the foam squares on the canoe gunwales, place the canoe on the car (okay, so this is always difficult and needs two bodies or else I might ram the canoe into the trunk, rear window, or even knock out a tail light... all of which I have done with incredible precision), strap down the canoe to the brackets, tie down fore and aft to the car frame, and I am ready to go. With these brackets I can handle any wind that the Midwest tries to throw at me.





Charles L. Seabury, famed steam yacht designer, drew the plans for this elegant naptha launch in 1898. She is a direct ancestor of Weston Farmer's 1975 *Diana*.

The velvety power of steam captures the affection of any man who has monkeyed with it. When boys who have toyed with steam grow up to be men, the size of their toys grows up with them. By informed appraisal, there are 1,200 to 1,500 of these steam launch buffs in all parts of this country and Canada. Most of the steam "nuts" build or buy engines, boilers, condensers, gauges, and whistles, but then have to settle for putting their assemblage of antique machinery into any old tub they can find.

It is for these steamboat buffs that *Diana* has been designed. She is 25' overall by 6' 6" beam over the guards, with a 2' draft. This is a standard size for a typical high grade lady of the Gay Nineties. I have designed her from personal knowledge of the operation and understanding of the peculiarities of fantail launch building. When I was growing up at Rock Harbor on Isle Royale in Lake Superior, my family owned a steam launch of this size and I ran her for some years. Later, as an apprentice boatbuilder, I worked on this type of hull. You might say, then, that I am very sympathetic with the romance and Cloud Nine stuff of which dreams of steam are fashioned.

Diana has all the goodies demanded by the purist in steam. Her hull is buildable by today's methods and with today's materials but is accurately proportioned to conform with standard practice of 85 years ago. I have shown two power plants. One is the Semple steam plant, built by the Semple Engine Co., Inc., of St. Louis, Missouri. This is a 5hp double-acting, non-condensing engine, steamed by a fire tube boiler fired by anthracite coal. This power plant is available at no more than the cost of an internal combustion power plant.

The other inboard profile shows a sophisticated Gay Nineties power plant. This rig is equipped with all the foo foo demanded by dyed-in-the-wool, frustrated four-stripe steamship Chief Engineers.

In this second power plant you will discover a Kingston boiler, chosen because the joints of all fire tubes are externally encased in water. At 175 lbs. gauge pressure she steams a 3-1/2" stroke x 3-1/2" HP bore x 6"

Diana...A Steamboat For Today (1975)

For steamboat buffs: A typical Gay Nineties steam launch that would be great fun if built today

By Weston Farmer

LP bore compound double-acting engine of Navy type for about 12hp. This engine exhausts into a surface condenser, which in turn is evacuated by an air pump delivering to a hot well or feed water pan under the boiler. From this pan a steam injector pokes the water by its own bootstraps back into the boiler when necessary.

This outfit has the works; gauges, whistle, safety valve, bilge and water pump, mustard, catsup, all the steak and coleslaw demanded for simulated steamboat worries. A perusal of the diagram will show this.

The steamboat fan will "grab" this old time steam circuitry with glee so I'll not dwell on it.

For the uninitiated, let me tell you something about steam power. Perhaps one of the fascinations of steam engines is that they have maximum torque; that is, turning power at zero revolutions. Any load that steam can start with, it can run with. Another thing that fascinates is the simplicity of the engine, understandable to anybody. Steam is admitted to a cylinder by a sliding valve which cuts off the steam at a pre-designed time, allows it to work by expanding, then opens and exhausts the spent steam. This allows timing by eccentrics and linkage so that reversing is instantaneous without strain on the engine. The boat becomes highly responsive to backing, filling, and surging forward.

Steam must be understood to be skillfully handled. The technology of steam is voluminous, available in any library. But an understanding of the nature of steam, that is, the physics of it, is basic to safe handling of it. Get this set of facts down pat and you are safe with steam.

The physics of steam have to do with certain peculiarities of water. When water is boiled in confinement in a boiler it turns, at a certain temperature and pressure, into an invisible gas. This gas is hot, containing enormous heat energy. After doing its work when released it condenses to water again, forming the fog which is miscalled "steam." This is the stuff you see emanating from power plants on a cold day, just condensed water vapor, not steam.

It takes one British Thermal Unit (BTU) to raise 1 lb. of water 1° Fahrenheit. Water boils at 212°F at sea level. At this point, under what is termed "absolute" pressure (i.e., with 14.7 lbs./sq. in. atmospheric pressure subtracted from "gauge" pressure), the propensity of water to absorb heat is most abnormal. At 212° absolute water requires an additional 970 BTUs to change its state to steam, the gas. This is an arithmetical equivalent to stating that water requires 5.39 times as much energy to turn it to steam at no pressure increase as was required to bring it to the boiling point.

Under pressure as in a boiler, even more heat must be added until, say at 65 lbs. gauge pressure, the temperature is 311.2° and the total heat content per pound of steam is 1,181.9 BTUs. This is an enormous energy input.

When the steam condenses back to water at 212°, it gives back this energy in the form of heat. If the boiler ruptures, the heat content built up and contained in the boiler water instantly causes all the water to flash into gas of a high explosive force. That is why boilers must be hydraulically pre-tested to withstand many times the normal operating pressure.

Given that precaution, boilers are safe. The Semple Co. in their brochure states that they test their boilers to 500 lbs. static water pressure. They state that there is no Coast Guard restriction for experimental, privately operated steamers other than the normal equipment requirement of lights, life jackets, etc.

In a small vessel like *Diana*, a full bodied boat is needed because the power plant is heavy. The hull type is such that wide varia

tions in weight can be handled without materially affecting performance. It takes nearly 500 lbs. to set *Diana* 1" lower in the water.

Nobody is going to win a Harmsworth Trophy with this boat. She is based on the old naphtha launch form, which in turn became the form of the electric launch. I had access to the lines and plans for these old electric launches when I was at Elco designing some of their power cruisers prior to World War II. It is on these electric launches that I have based *Diana*.

Here is some steamboat lore. It is best to run this type of vessel at her natural hull speed, which means that the square root of her waterline length as expressed in knots will be her most easily driven rate for a given power. A 16' waterline boat will have a natural speed of 4kts, a 25' waterline vessel will have a natural speed of 5kts, and so on. This rate will give the gentle, graceful glide for which these boats were famous. At above a S/L ratio of unity, or 1, the bow begins to rise and the stern to squat, and heavier wake and resistance is encountered.

It is a fact of naval architecture that these speeds can be attained with 1hp effectively delivered to the prop shaft per ton of displacement. In engineering parlance, this is termed EHP, or Effective Horsepower. This is the power left from Indicated Horsepower, or IHP, after power lost to friction and auxiliaries is subtracted. Thus, on WL length of 22.5' *Diana*'s natural speed is 4.7kts, 5.5mph. Since she weighs at the datum waterline about 4,200 pounds, or 1.87 tons, she will make 5.5mph

with 2hp easily. The extra 3hp put out by the Semple engine would raise this to about 6-7mph.

Another rule of thumb relates to the size of boiler needed. It requires about 5 sq. ft. of fire exposed surface per engine horsepower for a watertube boiler, or about 6 sq. ft. for a firetube boiler. If you conjure your own "patent" boiler, figure on about 40 lbs. steam per hp/hour for a simple double-acting engine of the same size as the 3" x 4" Semple 5hp engine.

The condenser should have about 1 sq. ft. of condensing surface per hp if of the internal type, and about half that, or 1/2 sq. ft. per hp, if of the keel condenser type.

Your fire is the source of power. The firebox and grate should be of such size as to release 41,000BTU per hour per horsepower. Anthracite coal is easiest to manage and burns quietly, producing about 12,000BTU per pound per hour. Three-and-a-half pounds of pea coal will steam 1hp for one hour. One cubic foot of bunkering volume will accommodate 40 pounds of pea coal easily.

Wood, as a firing material, can be used but the heat yield is only about 6000BTU with spruce or about 8000BTU with birch. The idea of coasting along to Alaska on beach driftwood is nuts. Such stuff is either wet or dry and burns like gunpowder or not at all.

Good small steam engines have to run at 500rpm to 600rpm to deliver efficiency. They thus run at a blur, not the ponderous speed one associates with the big engines in steamships.

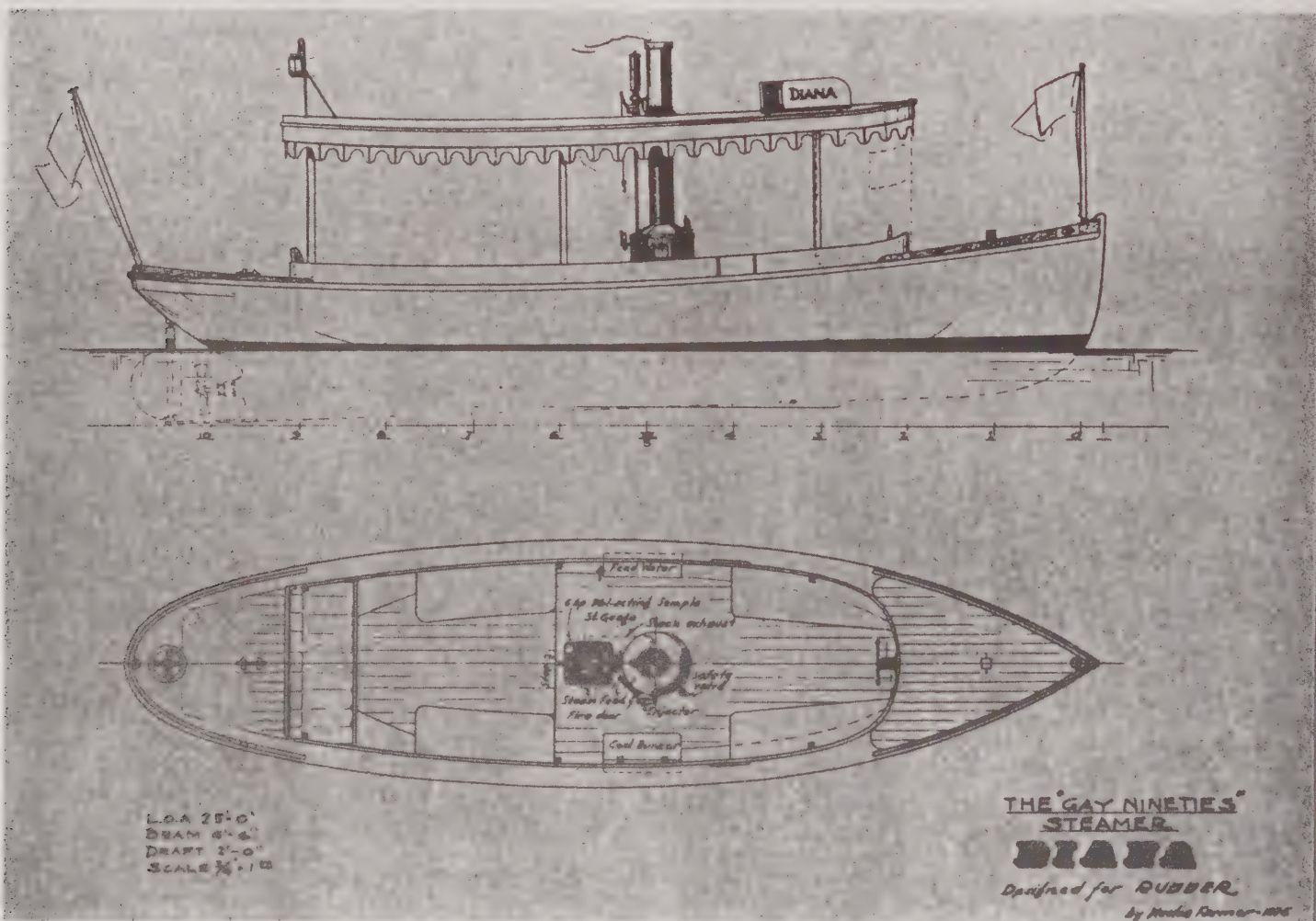
Fuel oil, fired in a vapor or Lune Valley burner, will deliver about 19,000BTU per hour, but this generally requires some sort of blower to facilitate bringing up to sustaining heat, and these blowers are noisy.

An occasional hunk of lignite or bituminous cannel soft coal will provide the smoke you want for realism if you favor emulating a tramp steamer hull down on the horizon, leaving your mark for lurking submarines.

Propellers used on steamers are large in diameter, frequently one-and-a-half times as large as you'd expect in a gasoline engine installation. The pitch, by motorboat standards, is enormous. Propellers of 1-1/2 pitch to diameter will work best. Frequently, in these old fantailers, p/d ratios of 2 were used. I have dressed *Diana* in a typical Chas. L. Seabury type steam propeller to keep her fashionable as to her times, but any good propeller will work. Doesn't matter whether right hand or left hand, steam runs equally well in both directions.

A number of things that stem from the best practice in traditional boatbuilding should be mentioned; one is the size and heft of the keel and keelson, another is the material and construction of the horn timber at the stern, and another is the modernization of the old type dado shaft log alley cut.

The builders of steam, naphtha, and electric launches found that keels had to be massive in order to handle marine railway haul-outs. There is a lot of weight to the machinery in any of these craft. The keel must be



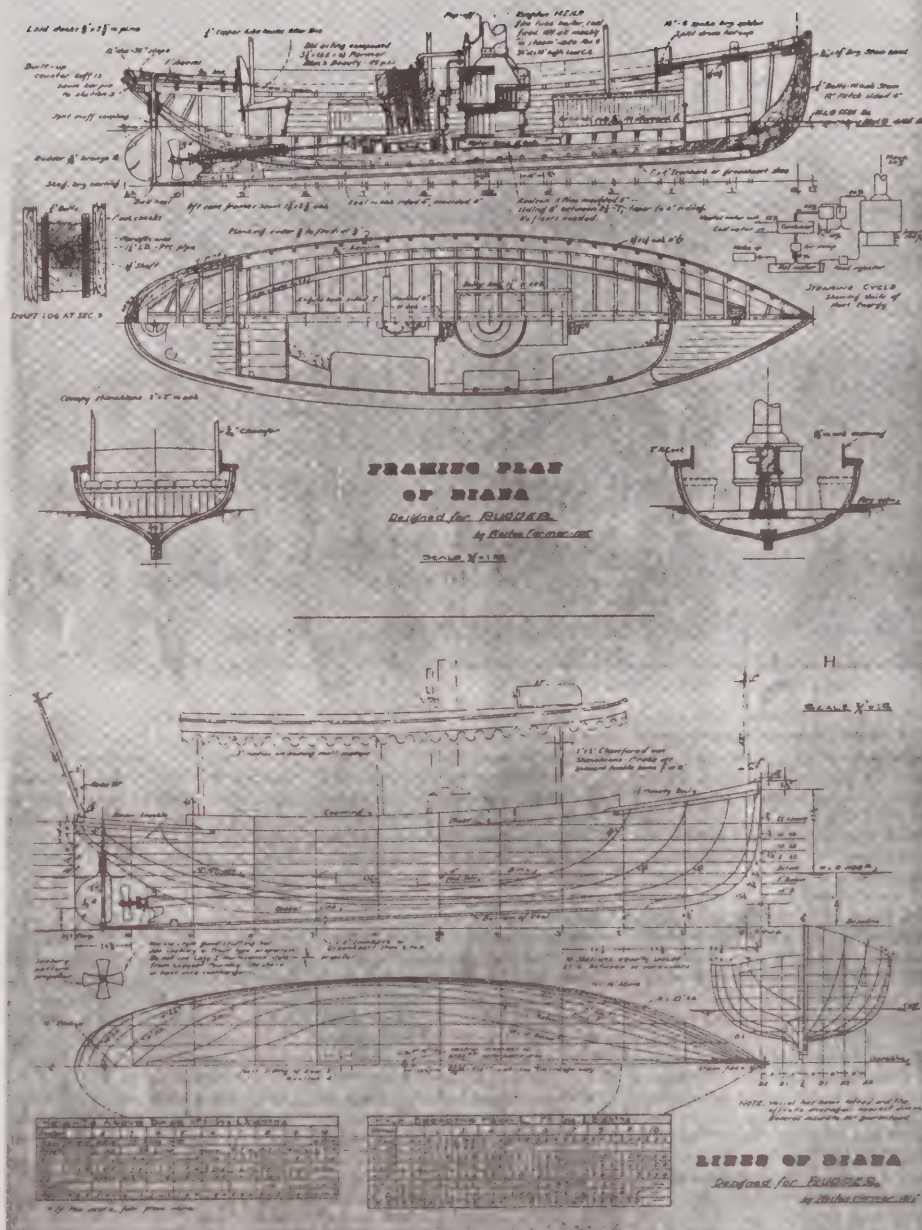
stout enough to provide the main backbone girder effect. If a keelson is used as shown, sided 8" and molded 5", tapering to 4" siding where indicated, there will be: (1) faying surface in the back rabbet that will give fine fastening faces to the garboard plank and the hood ends of the main planking; (2) the heels of frames can be gained in to the keelson and no floors will be needed. Note the word is "gained." This is correct journeyman lingo for what amateur designers always call "notched." A gain is, in other correct wording, a half mortise. A notch is a nick you cut in a Colt .38 after you have killed the sheriff while heading him off at the pass.

The horn timber is sided 4", molded as shown, and fleshed out with 1" oak cheek pieces and proper stopwaters. Oak is preferable but Englishmen use elm and have for years. There is plenty of white elm available to anyone in this country and it can be seasoned and sawn to pattern as lofted. Elm weighs but 70% of the 54 lbs./cu. ft. of good white oak, but holds fastenings well and is about as easy to work. Wide flitches in elm are easily found.

Note that the fastenings of keel and horn members as assembled go through main members square off the faying, or joining faces. This is proper. I see lots of drawings by green designers that show drifts at every which angle on the theory that they "key" the timbers together. No such drifting will ever take up tight the second time the boat is launched.

The shaft log is split along the shaft center line, with a square cut made on a dado saw head. After joining with good 1/2" line bored bolts, square to the joint, a PVC pipe (poly vinyl chloride) centered and locked place by very hot paraffin wax, the white kind available at all supermarkets in 1-lb. packages of four slabs, 1" thick. About 3 lbs. will be needed. This provides an absolutely watertight, long-lived shaft hole.

There is much more to this little ship than meets the eye. She is carefully designed, is amenable to wide variations in loading, and could be used even as a motorboat with an engine of the right weight and size. She is called *Diana* because all early steam yacht owners were classicists. They flaunted their expensive erudition by going to Greek mythology for most of the names of their graceful, expensive status symbols. Diana was goddess of the chase, the hunt. Seems fitting for a millionaire's plaything, the only difference between men and boys is the price and size of their toys.



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many disliked) has become a soft nose, incidentally aesthetically less controversial.

Self Draining Bow Well: The original Micro design had an open, free flooding forward well which had considerable advantages of simplicity and efficient mast stepping geometry but which has led to some irritation as water stands in it in some conditions of trim and grows grass and less desirable things that look less than shipshape. With the mast now outside the boat a watertight, self draining well became practical. It is sloped down forward to drain through the sides of the hull, under aft facing clamshells to minimize spitting.

It is walled in on each side with foam filled compartments to increase positive buoyancy at the forward end of the boat. Over their tops runs a heavy V-shaped collar to add a horizontal brace against the stress imposed by the tabernacle on the forward end of the boat. The line of the collar is extended to the after end of the raised deck in the form of a toe rail.

We added a hatch at the forward end of the cuddy version's raised deck to allow getting into the forward well with going over the top. This called for raising the forward end of the rails of the sliding hatch a couple of inches to allow the, slide to pass over the closed forward hatch.

Navigator Rig for All Micros: Apart from some adjustments of sheet leads and such things, the Chinese gaffer rig of the Navigator has been carried over into the Micro II, both versions, but lowered on the cuddy version in which it does not have to clear a high house. Bridge clearance of the cuddy version with masts lowered is 4'9" give or take 2"-3" according to trim (less if trimmed down by the stern, for instance). With the 21" draft (less if trimmed down by the head), this opens some pleasant creeks and hurricane holes. Bridge clearance of the Navigator version is just under 6', with 1'-2" added draft for its greater weight.

The three sheets of the Chinese gaffer rig may seem a serious complication, to a singlehander in particular. However, the peak and intermediate sheets don't have to be handled immediately. They can be left slack for sudden maneuvers and the sail controlled by the boom sheet alone. As soon as there is time, the peak and intermediate sheets can be adjusted for optimum sail trim. The peak sheet in particular is valuable to keep the head of the sail from sagging forward when running free, eliminating dangerous rhythmic rolling in strong winds and allowing this stiff and buoyant boat to be driven hard off the wind and make good passages despite her short length.

We, in fact, do not recommend Micro for offshore cruising, not from doubts about the seaworthiness of a well built and well found boat of this design, but because her small size limits her supply carrying capacity without overloading. Overloading exacerbates the slow speed of a short boat, creating a vicious cycle and, among other drawbacks, makes it harder to avoid bad weather.

V Nose Added to Bow: Accumulating complaints from owners, mainly about sleeplessness due to noisy pounding and slapping under the flat bow overhang, but also about the heavy and somewhat risky process of erecting the long mainmast, led to another look at the design, to be called Micro II.

The first part of this process was to add 15 degree deadrise fillets on each side of the keel at the bow, in ply, cut out to the expanded shape diagrammed and sprung in place over blocks of foam shaped to fill the space covered by the fillets. The expansions are drawn in such a way that they will only fit in place at the intended location.

But since the fillets mask much of the forward end of the designed keel, reducing its effectiveness as lateral plane under sail, we show an addition to the keel in the form of a 2" x 2-1/4" addition to the bottom of the designed keel in way of the fillets, rounded up at the forward end and tapered off to meet the original keel profile near the after ends of the fillets. It's likely that many boats will benefit from more or less depth of this keel addition, more if the boat shows a lee helm or excessive leeway, less if there is too much weather helm.

It should be noted that the ideal helm condition is with the tiller carried on centerline but with substantial tendency to spring to leeward when released, showing that the rudder is carrying its share of the lateral resistance without adding to the drag by being carried at an angle. Some people think that a small rudder angle is desirable to cancel leeway, but if so, the angle is almost imperceptibly small.

Endplated and Enlarged Rudder: The original Micro was designed before the development of rudder end plates, which sharply increase their effectiveness both for control and as lateral plane. The designed Micro rudder was deep enough to function adequately without one, but will work better still with the 1/2" x 8" x 19-3/4" plate diagrammed on the revised Navigator plan.

A long time ago one of us remarked that you could spend the rest of your life upgrading extant designs, never getting any new work out. We hope we are able to compromise squeezing in overdue work on popular designs while producing (hopefully) new popular ones.

Plans for the Micro II upgrade are \$175 to build one boat, sent Priority Mail, rolled in a tube, from Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc., P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930. The three upgrade sheets for the tabernacle and related matters only, for those who have the rest of the Micro package, are \$75.

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I specialize in freighter canoes. Freighters are Canada's best kept secret, they aren't really canoes, they are hybrids. Freighters are used to carry huge loads over great distances, therefore they have to be safe, stable, and comfortable. I first discovered them in Medway, Maine, over ten years ago. A fellow named Barry Davis was selling Scott Freighters on his front lawn. Barry now sells in the neighborhood of 50 freighters a year. People have discovered that they will do as much as boats costing ten times more.

I was really impressed by their displacement hulls and their weight to cargo ratios. A 250 lb. Hudson Bay can carry 2,000 lbs. of boat, motor, and gear, yet doesn't require a huge motor. They reminded me somewhat of the old Grand Laker canoes, but with some interesting changes. They have a coved stern which cuts down on drag, and when you are pushing off from shore stern first this cove gives you some extra lift. They are equally at home with motor, paddle, or oar. They have flat bottoms with ribs and multiple keels.

Introducing Freighter Canoes

By Bill Haggerty, Chesuncook Canoe Company.



I'm over 200 lbs. and I stand and move about in the Hudson Bay with ease. My 130 lb. dog, who is a poor sailor but can't stand to be left behind, has plenty of room to pace about. They are reminiscent of the pirogues that are mentioned in Thoreau's Maine adventures. I have seen pictures of a Hudson

Bay loaded with a bull moose and two hunters. At the CMTA boat show in Hartford I met a fellow from Canada who was surprised to see Freighters so far south. "Aha, the freighter canoes," he said, "they are good. You spit on the ground and paddle over it."

I own a camp on Chesuncook Lake in Maine where we fly in, or boat in, for 18 miles or so. It seems that the weather never cooperates. We can leave for town for groceries in a dead calm and when we return the wind is up and the lake is rough. Freighters are made for adverse conditions like these. Scott makes them for open water and large bays. Several years ago my wife had neck surgery and had to wear a neck brace. She wasn't looking forward to the trip in to camp. We loaded a Hudson Bay with our dog and gear and four adults and headed off. After that ride my wife decided that I could sell freighter canoes.

Want to learn more? Contact me at Chesuncook Canoe Co., 27 Highland Terr., Ivoryton, CT 06442-1136, (860) 767-7195.



The 22' James Bay Freighter is a common site at remote wilderness camps and lodges of the North

The James Bay

The James Bay is the workhorse of the Scott Line. At 22'8" with a beam of 66" it can carry 3,590 lbs. This boat is valued by lodge owners all over Canada because of its safety and reliability. It is best suited for big bays and open water. Guides in the North Country use it to island hop where a typical run is 50 to 70 miles over open water. The James Bay is the boat of choice at the Kesagami Lodge of Northern Ontario (www.kesagami.com). A look at their photo album reveals a James Bay at the dock ready to go. Kesagami offers a wilderness package where guests are flown in to a remote location, where they find a James Bay waiting for them. The James Bay is the toughest most reliable boat manufactured by Scott.



The Hudson Bay


The Hudson Bay is one of our most popular models. In fact, it is one of Canada's best kept secrets. In northern Maine they are quickly taking the place of the standard aluminum or fiberglass boat because they are ideal for any number of activities from duck hunting to fishing or family outings. At 21' with a beam of 56" it can carry 2,000 lbs. Its displacement hull gives the Hudson Bay an extremely comfortable ride. The rib and keel construction give the boat incredible stability allowing me to stand and move about freely. It truly is suited for big water and harsh conditions.



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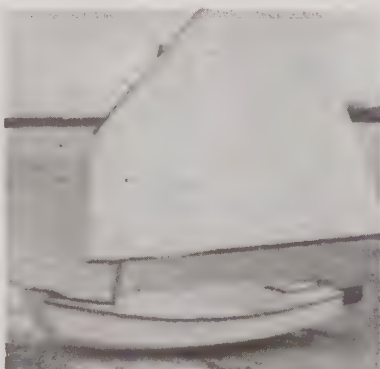


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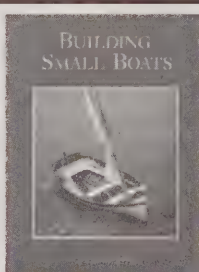


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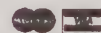
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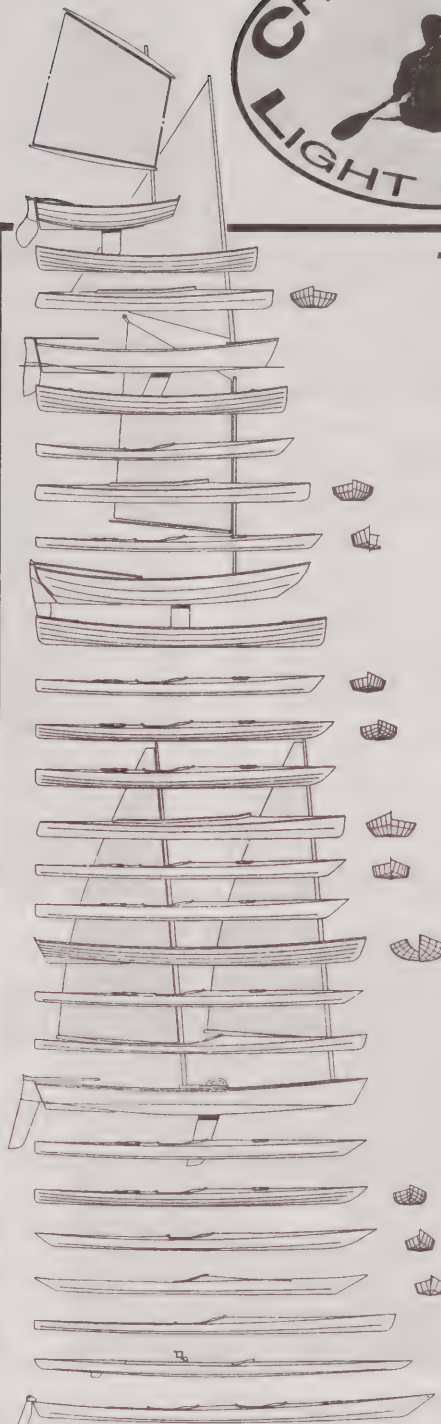
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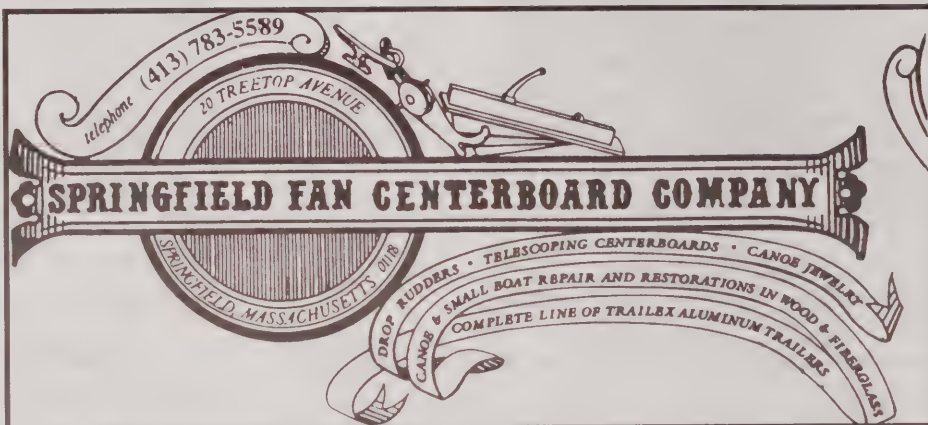
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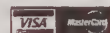
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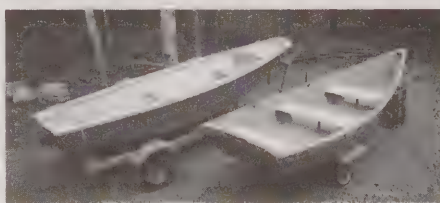
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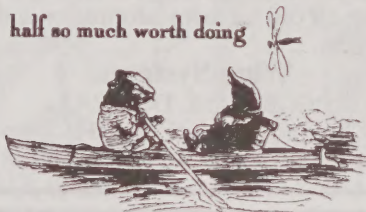
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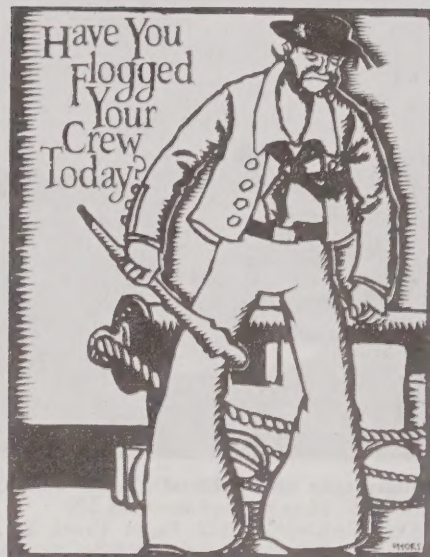


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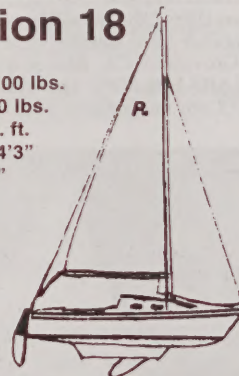
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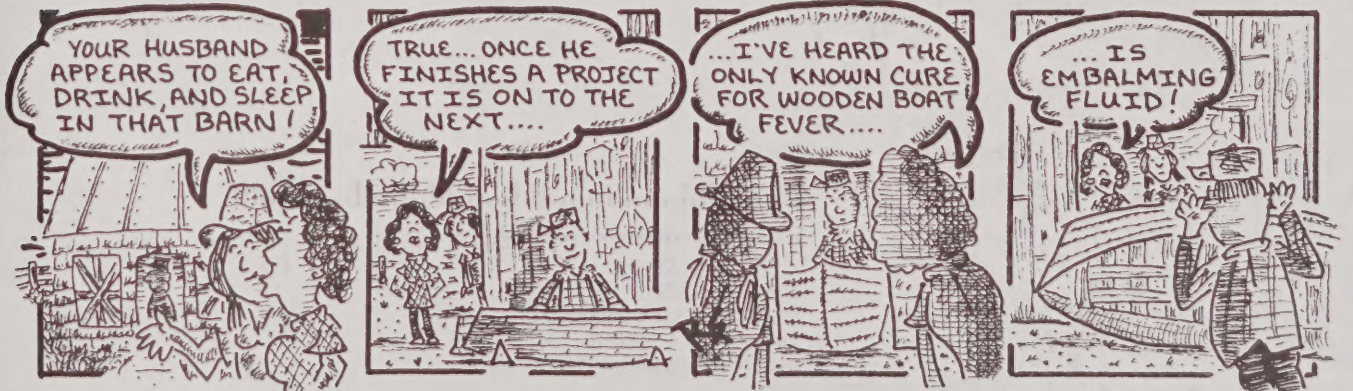
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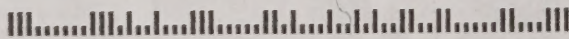
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